

KING'S · BROADWAY

TEL: 25313

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NOW SHOWING — 2ND WEEK!

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. || At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Shows:

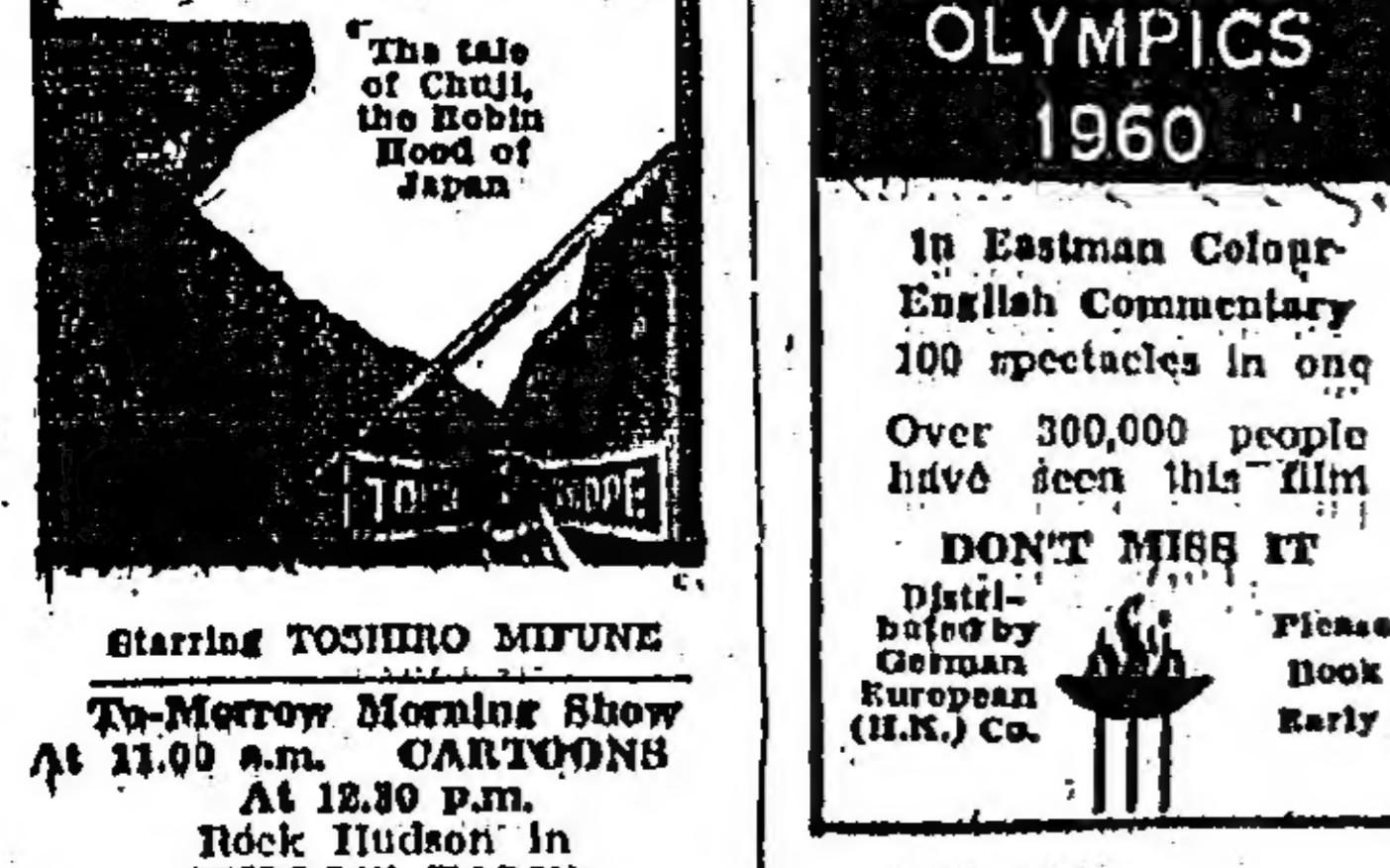
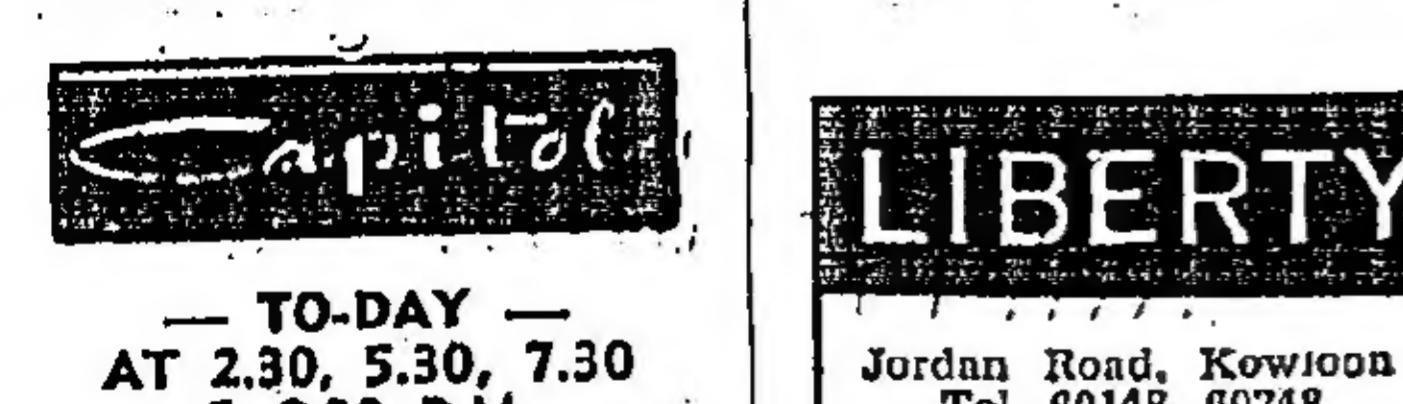
KING'S: At 11.00 a.m. 3 STOOGES & COL. CARTOONS
At 12.15 p.m. Jerry Lewis in "CADDY"
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. FOX COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. Jane Powell in "HIT THE DECK"

ROXY & MAJESTIC

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.ADDED ATTRACTION: "THE ROYAL WEDDING"
Latest Fox News in Color

TOMORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon MAJESTIC: At 12.30 p.m.
William HOLDEN in "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO"
In AnSCO ColorJohn WAYNE in "THE CONQUEROR"
In CinemaScope & Technicolor

The tale of Chui, the Robin Hood of Japan

Starring TOSHIRO MIFUNE

To-Morrow Morning Show At 11.00 a.m. CARTOONS

At 12.30 p.m. Rock Hudson in "TILLIE TALK"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ISABEL HOWARD

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, (Coming next week to King's and Broadway). This film is fortunate in its background — the splendidly clear landscape of Mexico with all its richness of contrast. It has also been photographed by a master, the photographic director being Charles Lang, Jr.

It was obviously intended to be a Western film with a difference which accounts for the presence of Mr Yul Brynner who really plays magnificently. There is also the talented young German actor, new to the American-produced film, Horst Buchholz.

But it is the script which is not sufficiently original which rather, for me, let this ambitious, skilfully directed film down.

The seven who, in the telling of the story, become magnificent, are really only hired gunmen, but very special ones, famed for their daring.

For mercenary reasons to some extent, and because they love a fight, they agree to help poor Mexican villagers to teach the bandits led by one Calvera (and played with just the right fire, cunning and swagger by Eli Wallach) not to molest their village, which they have plundered for year after year



Yul Brynner as Chris, the cowboy leader, faces the Mexican roving bandits headed by Calvera (played by Eli Wallach) in "The Magnificent Seven" coming to the King's and Broadway Theatres.

until the farmers and their families are half starved.

The gunmen, recruited by Chris Adams (Yul Brynner) in this cause, are an assorted lot and include a clever study of dipo-maniac who can still handle gun better than most sober men, a lean and廉洁 knife-thrower with a misleading innocent and sleepy air and several other interesting characters.

They all act well, and Horst Buchholz is convincing as the talented boy amateur following his heroes, but not enough of their personal history is given and their ultimate future is to come from the beginning of the film.

Scenes of Mexican dances and village celebrations are among the best shots in the film, and for one or two of these it would be worth seeing again the cloud of translucent smoke in the glittering morning air behind the eager, dark face of a little Mexican boy watching a cowboy carve a whistle, or the flaming clouds of a Mexican sunset behind the dark giant cactus.

I could enumerate many more which are memorable for their colour and grace; like the indoor room where the men are fed, served by Mexican girls holding great wooden bowls of rice, their soft brown arms raised, against the pleasing asymmetry of drinking jug, and outside in the old square the disintegrating, blank-looking Catholic village church.

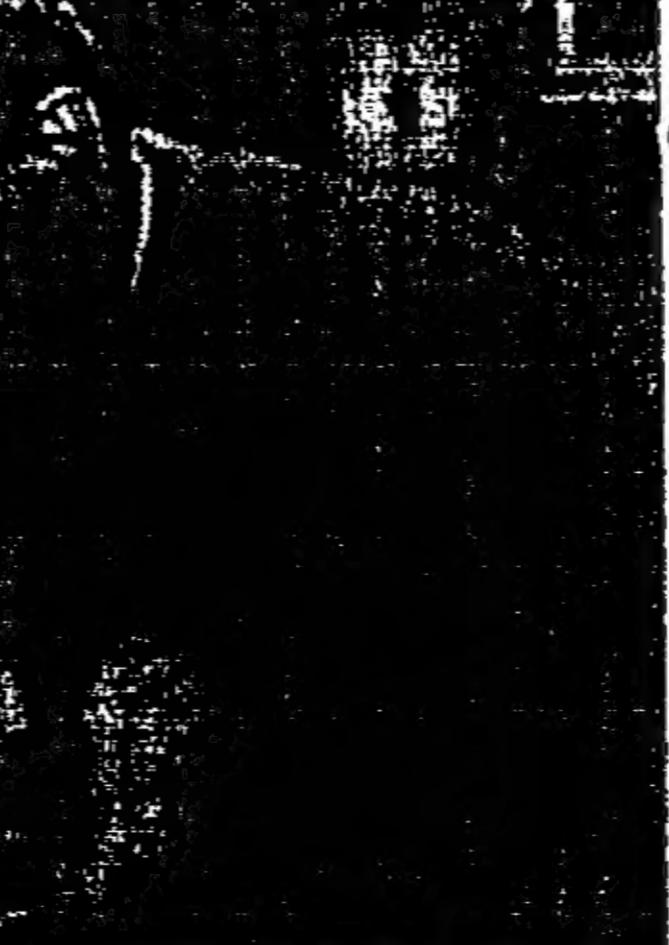
The film is outstanding in many ways and if it had had a better script it would have been utterly enthralling. As it stands it is ahead of many Westerns, or for that matter, other films that I have seen recently and it is well worth a visit.

James Booth plays an unscrupulous rival to Leslie. He sets up a fashionable practice as a veterinary surgeon to cater for the pampered pets of wealthy and equally pampered owners. And Australian comedian Dick Bentley plays a shady horse dealer who tries to use Leslie Phillips in his lucrative business of exporting worn-out horses to Continental butchers.

The film is being produced by Hugh Stewart, responsible for so many of the Norman Wisdom comedies as well as the equally successful Terry Thomas a laughter-maker "Make Mine Mink."

The director is Darcy Conyers, another expert in raising laughs, whose association with Hugh Stewart goes back twelve years to the time when he acted in "Trotty True", the first picture Hugh Stewart made as a full producer.

Ralph Bellamy, as Roosevelt, is amazingly like him, even to the famous quarter-melon smile. This is said to be Bellamy's best role, and though Greer Garson, who plays Eleanor Roosevelt, has not managed to imitate her voice stereotypically but "speaks in a rather unnatural, stilted way



Ralph Bellamy as Franklin D. Roosevelt and Greer Garson as his wife Eleanor, in "Sunrise at Campobello", showing at the Lee and Princess Theatres.

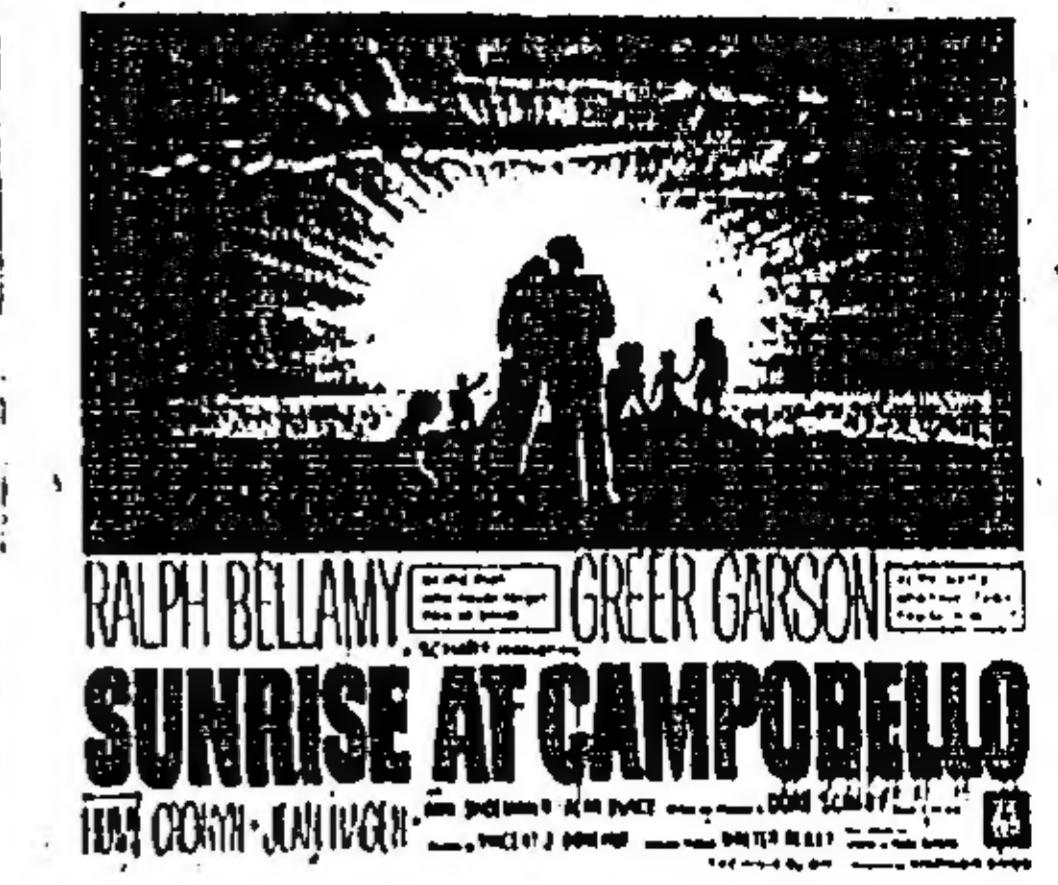
Lee-PRINCESS

NOW SHOWING

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

(Please note change of times)

To Lift Up Your Heart and To Light Up The Entertainment World Forever!



MORNING SHOWS TOMORROW

(Reduced Prices)

LEE: 11.00 a.m. Color Cartoons

12.30 p.m. "With a Song in My Heart"

PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m. Warner Bros. Cartoons

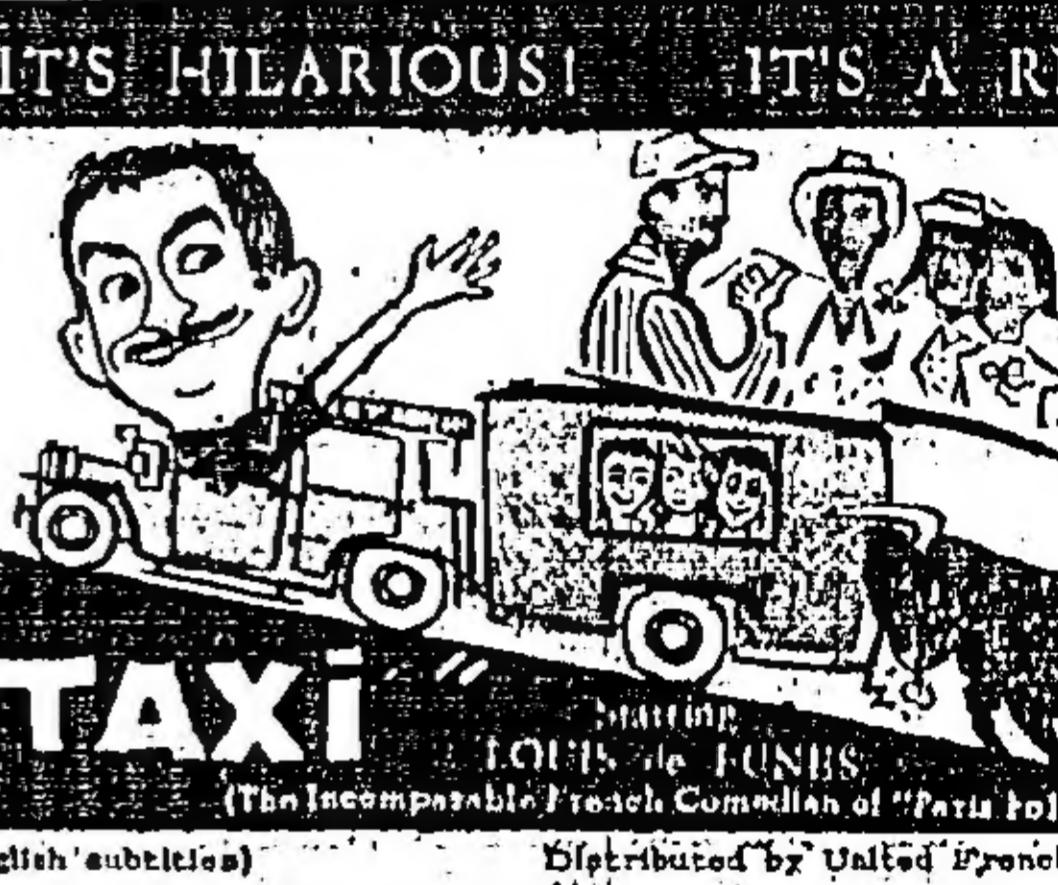
12.10 p.m. "RIO BRAVO" (color)

ROYAL STATE

GRAND OPENING TODAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE FUNNIEST COMEDY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!



IT'S HILARIOUS! IT'S A RIOT!

TAXI

LOUIS de FUNES (The Incomparable French Comedian of "Paris Follies")

(English subtitles)

Distributed by United French Film Ltd.

SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS AT REDUCED PRICES

ROYAL: 11.00 a.m. 20TH CENTURY FOX CARTOONS

12.30 p.m. Christine Caramé • Rossano Brazzi in "A CERTAIN SMILE"

CinemaScope

STATE: 12.30 p.m. ALAN LADD in "DRUM BEAT" — CinemaScope

SHAW CIRCUIT

HOOVER • GALA

TEL 72371

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ALL THE THRILLS OF

THE LE MANS, SILVERSTONE, SEBRING

AND MILLE MIGLIA RACES!

M-G-M PRESENTS

BILL TRAVERS IN

THE GREEN HELMET

ED BEGLEY • JACK PAGET

Produced by

To-morrow Special Matinee At Reduced Admission

Gala 11.00 a.m. Universal Int. COLOR CARTOONS

12.30 p.m. Stanley Baker in "HELL DRIVERS"

Hoover 11.00 a.m. Paramount Films COLOR CARTOONS

12.30 p.m. "STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET"

ORIENTAL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY —

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

IT'S THE STARS & STRIPES SONG & FUN HIT OF 1961!



FINAL TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

HACKETT & CO.

SHOWING TO-DAY

"THE MIRACLE"

W-B Picture in Technicolor

WOMEN NO WEAK

SHOWING TO-MORROW

"THE BRAMBLE BUSH"

Going to Commonwealth countries Sandys may switch order of his visits

Kennedy making progress

Washington, June 16. President Kennedy's personal physician, Dr Janet Travoli, said today that the President was making satisfactory progress and would very soon be able to walk for short periods without the aid of the crutches, which he is using because of his back ailment.

Meanwhile the White House spokesman disclosed that Dr J. H. Cheevey, physiotherapy specialist and chief of the orthopaedic service at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland, had been called into consultation at the White House. He had been asked to decide on the frequency of the ultrasonic wave treatments now being given Kennedy.

TO REST

Kennedy hoped to spend the weekend resting at his house at Glencairn in Virginia, the White House spokesman said.

This morning the President had conferred with Dr. Dirk Stikker, Secretary General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. —AP.

'Goose' Tatum jailed on tax charge

Kansas City, June 16. Reece ("Goose") Tatum, known as the "Clown Prince of Basketball" and former star of the Harlem Globetrotters, was sentenced here today to 90 days jail for failing to file income tax returns.

The 30-year-old Negro player, said by government lawyers to owe more than 118,000 dollars in taxes and penalties, was also placed on probation for three years.

"Goose, you're a fine basketball player, but I can't say much else for you," the judge told him as he passed sentence. —Reuter.

Isaac Stern wins over Sydney fans

Sydney, June 16. Visiting American violinist Isaac Stern was thunderously applauded in Sydney Town Hall last night when he finished his two-hour recital despite a broken string.

Mr Stern finished with sweat pouring down his face and the string wavering an inch from his left eye, and hugged and patted his violin. —China Mail Special.

26 fined for anti-Polaris demonstrations

Dunoon, June 16.

Twenty-six men and women who took part in anti-Polaris demonstrations at a United States nuclear submarine anchorage at Holy Loch were today fined sums totalling £249.

Forty-three cases—all involving charges of breaches of the peace—were called. Warrants were issued for the arrest of ten men and women who failed to appear.

Five people—including Miss Pat Arrowsmith, field secretary of the Direct Action Committee against nuclear war—pleaded not guilty. The hearing of their cases was adjourned till July 14. One case was adjourned without plea.

THE FINES

Only a few of the defendants appeared personally in court. The remainder were legally represented, or submitted their cases by letter.

The fines ranged from £5 to £15. —Reuter.

Answers

Wylechamist: No signature. Ed.

MARITIME STRIKE IN U.S.

Seamen picket docks

New York, June 16. Picketing seamen today patrolled docks along the Pacific, Atlantic, and Gulf coasts, hit by a strike of 80,000 American merchant marine officers and seamen which began at midnight.

President Kennedy's Secretary of Labour, Mr Arthur Goldberg, is to make new efforts to end the strike, which may paralyse maritime U.S. merchant fleet of 900 vessels if it is not settled quickly.

Foreign owned ships are not affected, nor are American ships on the high seas, although the striking Maritimes Union says the latter will be tied up when they reach port. Thirty-two ships are at present in New York.

The strike is expected to have no immediate economic effects. Foreign vessels handle more than 90 per cent of U.S. waterborne commerce.

CHIEF AIM

Last minute negotiations by Mr Goldberg failed to settle the dispute, in which the chief aim is the right sought by the five unions involved to extend union membership to so-called "flags of convenience" ships.

These are vessels owned in the United States, but registered

under foreign flags to avoid U.S. labour legislation. The unions also seek a voice in industry problems through a joint committee of seamen and ship-owners.

Wages and other financial benefits, open to re-negotiation when old work contracts expired at midnight, were regarded

as of secondary importance, but they have refused to agree to any extensions of the old contracts.

A spokesman for the National Maritime Union said a number of other unions, including the longshoremen (dockers) and the teamsters (lorry drivers) have promised their support. —Reuter.

Stevenson arrives in Lima

Lima, June 16.

Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson arrived today at Lima's heavily guarded airport for a two-day visit to Peru, where he will continue his talks with Latin American leaders on a special mission for President Kennedy.

About 500 people, including members of Lima's American colony, crowded the observation terrace to watch Stevenson step from his plane. Leftists have threatened to hold demonstrations here in protest against Stevenson's presence.

Stevenson's visit to Bolivia was marred by rioting, although it was more closely expected with Bolivia's political situation than to his trip.

RIOT POLICE

Limatambo Airport, only 15 minutes from the U.S. Embassy residence, where Stevenson will stay, was swarming with steel-helmeted riot police. Leftist students at San Marcos University—who rioted against Vice President Richard M. Nixon in 1958—had planned a demonstration against Stevenson but the precautions apparently discouraged them.

There were unconfirmed reports that 200 persons were arrested before Stevenson's arrival.

In a brief arrival speech, Stevenson expressed his admiration for "the forthright manner in which you (in Peru) are facing the issues confronting our hemisphere today." —AP.

The sources said it now appears likely that Mr Sandys will visit New Zealand, Australia and Canada in that order. Earlier, authoritative quarters here expected the Commonwealth Relations Secretary to visit Canada first—leaving here next Friday.

CHEQUERS TALK

An switch made would be to align Mr Sandys's programme with the commitments of other Commonwealth Ministers. Mr Macmillan has called eight senior colleagues to weekend talks at Chequers—his official country residence—to complete plans for bilateral ministerial talks with all Commonwealth countries on the implications for them of any United Kingdom link with the European "Six." —Reuter.

TWA claiming four new flight records

New York, June 16. Trans World Airlines today claimed four new trans-Atlantic flight records between New York and London, Paris, Madrid and Shannon.

TWA's first super luxury "Royal Ambassador" flight, riding in jet-stream gales of over 100 miles an hour, flew from New York to London in 5 hrs. 10 mins. This eclipsed the previous mark of 5 hrs. 20 mins. set in Dec. 24, 1960, by Pan American. The Boeing 707 carried 140 passengers and a crew of 13.

The air distance to London is 3,450 miles.

Another TWA flight shaved five minutes off the New York-Paris run, negotiating the 3,640 miles in five hours and 32 minutes. The earlier mark of five hours 37 minutes was held by Air France. —AP.

Jack Hylton buys over Prince's Theatre

London, June 16. Mr Jack Hylton, the impresario, has bought the 1,775-seat Prince's Theatre, in London's Shaftesbury Avenue from the executors of the late Mr. Walter Melville and the late Mr. Frederick Melville who built it 50 years ago. It was learned today.

The purchase price was not disclosed.

A spokesman for Mr. Hylton, who has held the lease of the theatre for the past eight years, said today: "It will continue as a theatre." —China Mail Special.

Group fights exchange plan with Castro

Indianapolis, June 16. Incorporation papers have been filed in Indiana by a group which plans legal action to prevent the proposed prisoners-exchange between Fidel Castro and a private group of American citizens.

The Citizens in Black Tractors to Castro, Inc., registered as a not-for-profit corporation late yesterday with Indiana Secretary of State Charles O. Hennrich.

It said its purpose was to register disapproval with the Department of Justice, with our Congressional representatives and others, of what has been deemed by many leaders a violation of the Logan Act, which bars individual citizens from dealing with a foreign power.

"To bring legal action to prevent such negotiations with Communist leaders and their representatives, and to prevent any acts suggestive of yielding to blackmail, bribery and other acts detrimental to the nation." —UPI.

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Another TWA flight shaved

five minutes off the New York-Paris run, negotiating the 3,640 miles in five hours and 32 minutes. The earlier mark of five hours 37 minutes was held by Air France. —AP.

Gibbon's diary of journey now published

London, June 16. An hitherto unpublished work by Edward Gibbon, the 18th century English author of the monumental "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has been published here.

It completes the publication, which began in 1929, of the contents of seven diaries which Gibbon filled between August 1761 and October 1764.

The diary published today is the author's account in French of a journey from Geneva to Rome when he was aged 27.

That was part of a "grand tour" of Europe he made with another young Englishman, William Guise, during which he began to plan his epic history of Rome.

IN ROME

On arriving in Rome, Gibbon found he had no strength to continue with his day to day diaries and he abandoned them.

When he died, the notebooks were sent to his executor, Lord Sheffield, who published only extracts.

In 1894, the centenary of his death, the notebooks were deposited with the British Museum and it was suggested they be published.

The latest work, "Gibbon's Journey from Geneva to Rome," edited and annotated by Professor Georges Bonnard, is published here by Thomas Nelson and Sons at fifty shillings. —China Mail Special.

Country club prison in NY

Washington, June 16. A Federal Prison in New York was pictured today as a "country club" where well-heeled prisoners, including crime czar Frank Costello, have enjoyed such luxuries as sturgeon sandwiches, whisky, 85-cent cigars, and \$100.00 in diamonds.

Federal Prison Director J. V. Bennett denied the "country club" charge which was made by Rep. John J. Rooney (Democrat-New York) but Bennett admitted most of the instances cited by Rooney. —UPI.

CHAMPAGNE RESTAURANT

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Shaving mug, After Shave Lotion, Shave Talcum, Cologne, (Gift Sets).



After Shave Lotion and Body Talcum.



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SHULTON — NEW YORK



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Dustman Arthur England—with roses and a chrysanthemum in his council issue hat—met America's Fair Lady Mrs Jackie Kennedy in a London traffic jam. Mrs Kennedy's car was blocked by a dustcart in Victoria Place, Victoria. She was out for a drive with her sister, Princess Radziwill, whom she was visiting in Buckingham Place. Forty-eight-year-old England strolled up to the car, put his head through the open window to chat with Mrs Kennedy. "She had to laugh when she saw my hat," he said. "I always like to have a bit of fun. No good going about looking miserable all the time, is it?"

LEFT: It was a time for memories for Vivien Leigh. She went to London's Coliseum the other night, where "G. W. T. W." (Gone With The Wind) was showing. This is the picture which made her a star, 21 years ago, a star in the arms of Clark Gable, who now, like Leslie Howard, who was also in the film, is dead. But Vivien Leigh did not stop to see the 3 hr. 40 min. epic on the first night of its re-issue. "I have seen it three times and that's enough for me," she said. And added: "Anyway, I have work to do." (She is rehearsing for her world tour with the Old Vic.).



James Bond

BY IAN FLEMING

DRAWING BY JOHN MULROY

WHILE THE GIRL DIES, THE CLAWS OF MOUNTAIN LAND CRABS, YOU WILL ENDURE AN ASSAULT COOPERATING AGAINST DEATH

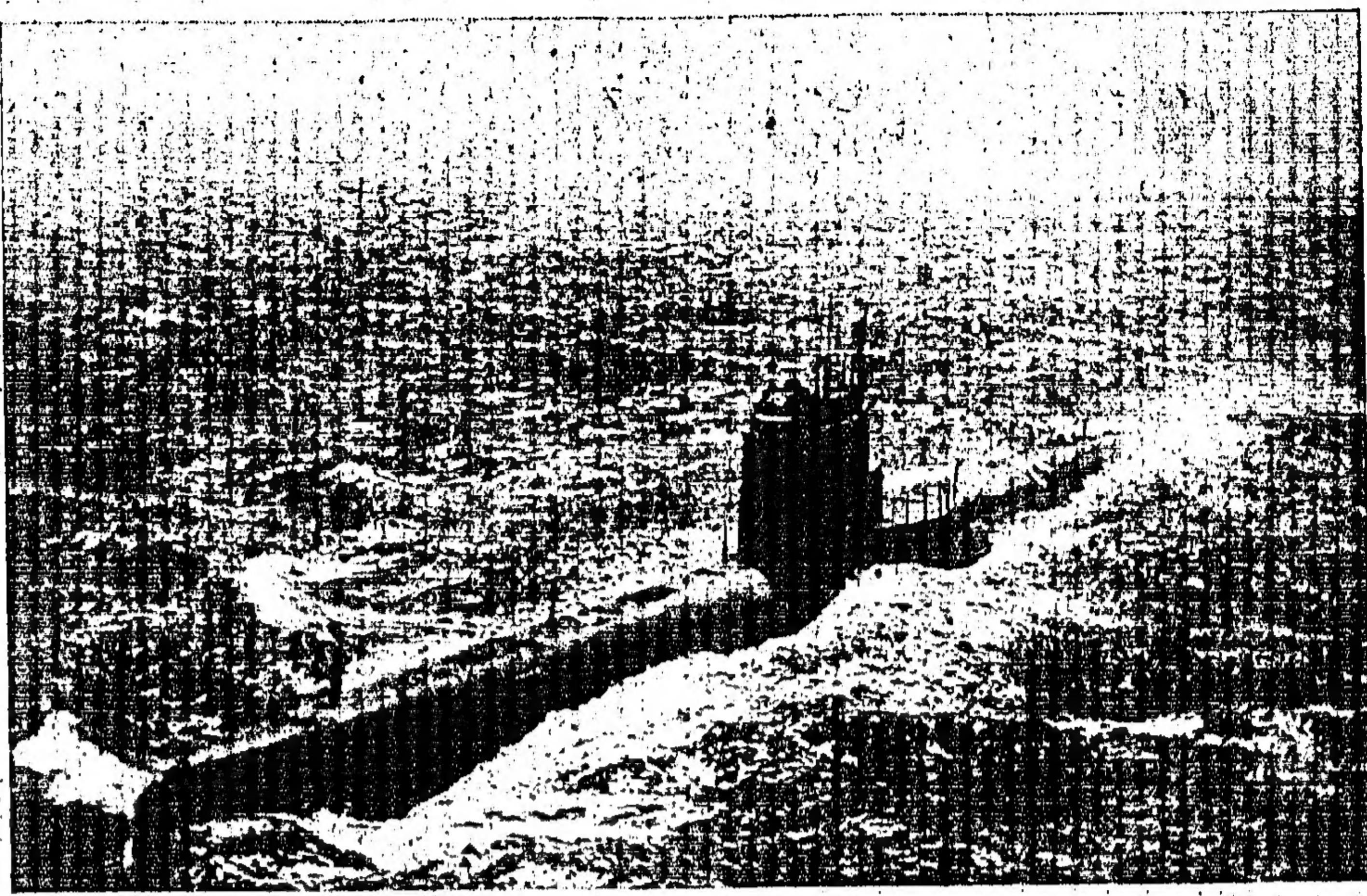
IT IS ALL A PAGE OUT OF A BOOK INTO THE ANATOMY OF HUMAN COURAGE AND ENDURANCE, AND YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOUR TO BE MY FIRST CLIMBING-MATE, BOND

HONEY... OH HONEY

NO MAN CAN SURVIVE THE COURSE I HAVE PREPARED... BUT I HOPE YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO MAKE THIS FIRST EXPERIMENTATION TELL ME MUCH INTERESTING DATA FOR ME

RIGHT: Eight Russian submarines and a submarine tender sailed through the English Channel the other day. Having lost their base in Sasevo Island, Albania and having spent a few hours at Gibraltar, they were believed to be on their way to join the Russian Baltic Fleet, to be possibly scrapped. The Russian Naval Attaché said when asked for more details, "There are no Russian submarines in the Channel."

LEFT: The silly season has begun in Britain with the attempt by 21-year-old Alan Witt to cross the English Channel in a bathtub. Alan and John Rowe were launched in their £5 bath by fellow students from Brighton Technical College at Dover. They called off their attempt after 14 miles when the water began slopping into their craft.



ABOVE: Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones outside the Palace Theatre in London where with a party of six others they saw The Sound of Music. They arrived unexpectedly by car and taxi.



ABOVE: The Royal wedding at York Minster—the Duke of Kent and his bride after signing the register.

PERFORMANCES



ABOVE: At the Science Museum in South Kensington, the newest innovation for home and overseas visitors is a radio guide to the various exhibits. Under a scheme promoted by the British Ministry of Works, 80 new radio receivers are available for hire to visitors who are then able to hear a recorded commentary on the item exhibited. In the picture two schoolboys, Peter R. Godwin, aged 14 (left), and John Nutt, aged 15, from St. Joseph's College, Stoke-on-Trent, listen to the commentary on their radio receivers as they view a model of the Castle Donington Thermal Power Station at the museum.



RIGHT: Anti-nuclear bomb demonstrators who are walking from San Francisco to Moscow reached London and marched up and down outside the Ministries of Defence and Health in Whitehall. Their leader, the Rev. A. J. Musto, aged 76, was not among them. The 13 marchers, financed by the American National Committee Against Violent Action, were supported by British demonstrators, one of whom was playwright John Arden. Of the Americans, whose ages vary between 18 and 47, eight are women. They hope to reach Moscow on October 25.

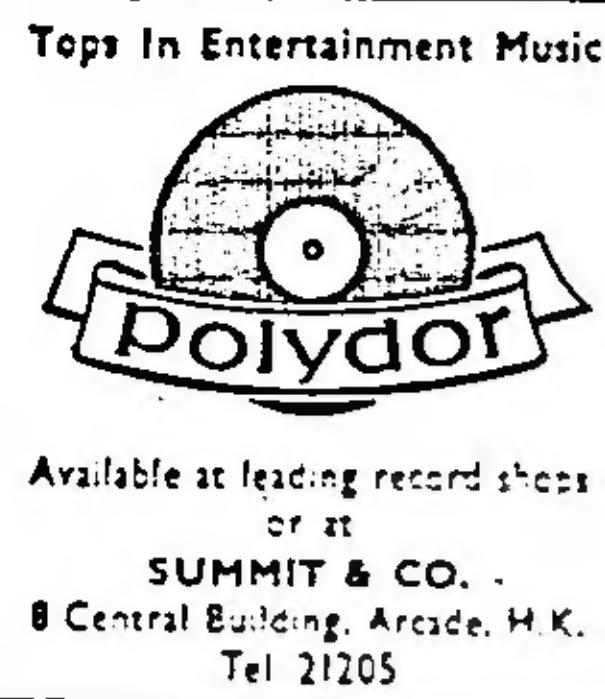


THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP
BUT NO ONE WILL WASTE
THEIR

Carlsberg

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DAI



FREE LIFE-OUT RADIO, TV SUPPLEMENT

The Week's Programmes

A Special Saturday China Mail Feature

RADIO HONGKONG

FOCUS ON THE FILM AND LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

THOSE LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT PROGRAMMES: "Where is 'My Word,' 'The Navy Lark,' 'Hancock's Half Hour,' 'Paul Temple,' 'Ray's a Laugh,' 'Take It from Here'" or even 'The Goon Show' complained a recent correspondent in a Hongkong newspaper.

Well, where are they? The 'Take It from Here' also repeated, takes the 12 noon spot on Fridays. 'The Lyons' have just said goodbye, 'Ray's a Laugh' will be repeated soon, there's a new 'Paul Temple' serial and a new series of 'My Word' on the way from Britain. So the outlook is...fine.

CRICKET: The Second Test Match Coverage on FM 91 megacycles nightly.—As in the case of the first Test Match, commentaries on play between the England side and the Australians will be relayed by Radio Hongkong nightly on its FM frequency from 7.15 pm until just

Wednesday night is based on information given to him by the well-known Hongkong historian, Jack Braga.

A MUSIC DRAMA—"The Death of Vivien" Friday, 8.30 pm.—The producer of this BBC programme, one of three of his to be re-issued by the Transcription Service because of popular demand, was Douglas Cleverdon. He said of it: "No other art-form but radio could have coped with the scale and movement of such a work as this; with the ebb and flow of battle and the repeated charges of the Saracen horsemen." Rene Hague's words are taken from one of the many eleventh century poems which celebrate the devotion of Count William of Orange and his nephews. (Orange, not to be confused with its namesake in Holland, is an ancient town near Avignon in France). But the chief element of this drama is the music, especially composed for it by the London-born Peter Racine Fricker. It represents his second major commission for the BBC.

"LUNCH HOUR"—An Unusual Play: Thursday, 8.30 pm—John Mortimer's play "The Deck Brief" won him the coveted international Radio Italiana prize in 1957. "Lunch Hour" was written for the stage but adapted for radio by the author. He says of it: "If two people are in love, and the only time they have together is the lunch hour, their lives are likely to become full of lies and improbable explanations. This play is about the danger of telling lies which are too credible, or inventing explanations which explain too much." As this suggests, there are two main characters in "Lunch Hour," the man and the girl, but there is also a boy whose interruptions are of vital importance.



FOCUS ON THE FILM: Radio Hongkong's film magazine programme "Film Focus" has been running for over a year now, and in a Colony whose main source of public entertainment is still the cinema it provides an important link between the listener and the personalities and activities "back screen". Interviews with actors, directors, producers and other film personalities are a regular feature of the programme; the majority of these are recorded at the studios in Britain and America, but in these days when people from the film world are coming to Hongkong in growing numbers "Film Focus" is often able to go out personally and meet them. News of coming attractions and how the overseas critics have received them, sound track recordings and music—all these things go to make up a lively half hour of film news on Tuesdays at 8.15 pm (repeated on Thursday afternoons at 4 o'clock). Busy editor and script-writer for Film Focus is Bill Doricard who also introduces the programme. Here he goes over the script with Patricia Penn shortly before going on the air.

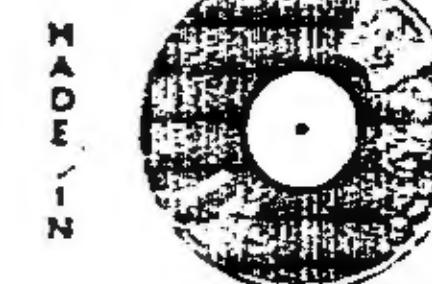
shortly after the programme goes back on the air again in Britain. Thursday. On Friday night BUT more often than not there'll be a break in the cricket coverage for the usual broadcasts on FM of the talk in the series "The Government and the People" and for the opera programme—this week Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a new recording. This means of course, that while the Test Match is in progress listeners will have to switch to 860 kcs medium wave to receive normal programmes.

OLD HONGKONG: Wednesday, 6.10 pm—No one who heard Alberto da Cruz's dramatic stories related to the history of Macao in Radio Hongkong's recent "Listen to This" series will be surprised to learn that he has also an interest in the relevance of European personalities to our own Colony. What they may be surprised to hear is that St Francis Xavier visited Lantau Island in the 16th Century. The story he tells on

TODAY TO FRIDAY JUNE 23

860 kcs 370m and FM 91 m/cs

Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft



DGG — for the finest selection of classical music.

Page 1

Sunday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, FIRST DAY FAVOURITES—Nocturne from "Lyric Suite" (Chopin) Poeme (Fibich) Prayer from "Hansel and Gretel" (Humperdinck) Traumerei from "Kinder-scenen" (Schumann, arr. Dr. Dragon).

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.20 FIRST DAY FAVOURITES (Contd)—Variation No. 13 Op. 43 (Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini) (Serge Rachmaninoff) A Rustle of Spring (Christian Sinding—arr. by Eugene Zador) The Dream of Olwen (Charles Williams) Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Franz Liszt—arr. by Eugene Zador) ... Leonard Pennario (piano) with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra cond. by Miklos Rostza. The Old Refrain (Fritz Kreisler) The Flight of the Bumblebee Op. 28 (Klimsky-Korsakov-Hetzer) Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (Camille Saint-Saens) ... Michael Rubin (violin) with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra cond. by Felix Slatkin Reverie (Debussy, arr. Dragon) The Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra cond. by Carmen Dragon.

7.30 WEATHER REPORT.

7.35 TIME SIGNAL, HOLIDAYS FOR STRINGS.

7.40 WEATHER REPORT.

7.45 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

7.50 PROGRAMME PARADE.

7.55 THE ROBERT SHAW CHORALE.

7.58 FORCES' FAVOURITES—Presented by Audrey Pateman.

8.00 MUSIC WE LOVE.

11.15 CELEBRATION OF MASS FROM ST JOSEPH'S CHURCH, GARDEN ROAD—Preacher: Rev. Father D. Reid, S.J.

12.05 pm ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED BY SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, GOING TO THE PICTURES — Chairman: Michael Page.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.20 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

1.25 TALKING ABOUT BOOKS — "Some Men Are Brothers" by D.J. Enright; "Patio Paoli" by Arthur Adamson. Reviewed by Ieuan Hughes.

1.30 SUNDAY CONCERT—A Pastoral Symphony (Vaughn Williams) 1st Mov—Molto moderato, 2nd Mov—Lento moderato, 3rd Mov—Moderato pesante, 4th Mov—Lento—Moderato Maestoso ... Sir Adrian Boult.

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Radio HK (cont'd.)

conducting The London Philharmonic Orch with Margaret Eddie (Soprano). Concerto in G major (Bach). 1st Mov.—Adagio (Adagio). 2nd Mov.—Presto. Arranged by Benedetti Michelangeli (Piano) with the Philharmonia Orch cond by Ettore Craxi. Symphony No. 4 in D minor. Op. 39 (Schumann). Israel Philharmonic Orchestra cond. by Paul Kletzki.

9.51 WEATHER REPORT.

11.50 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

11.51 MELODIES AND MEMORIES.

11.52 AN EVENING WITH STAN FREBERG—St. George and the Dragon (Schumann-Freberg). C'est si bon (Betti-Seelen) Try (Freberg-Rakkin) Wide-Screen Movie Star (Stan Freberg).

11.53 WEATHER REPORT.

11.54 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.

11.55 EPILOGUE—Given by the Rev. Father F. McGahey, S.J.

11.56 MUSIC—SWEET AND LOVING.

11.57 WEATHER REPORT.

11.58 NEWS HEADLINES.

11.59 TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Monday

7.30 am TIME SIGNAL, SUNRISE MELODIES.

11.11 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.12 SILENT MELODIES—(Cont'd.).

11.13 WEATHER REPORT.

11.14 SILENT MELODIES—(Cont'd.).

11.15 WEATHER REPORT.

11.16 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.17 PROGRAMME PARADE.

11.18 DIARY FOR TODAY, MUSIC DURING BREAKFAST.

9.39 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

9.40 HOME TILL TEN—with MI-CHEE HU.

11.41 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (Repeat).

11.42 THE VOICE OF FELICIA RANGERS.

11.43 THE WORLD AROUND US—WEIRD ISLAND, "Such Man's Son"—chapter from the novel by Hugh MacLennan.

11.44 SONATA—Sonata for Violin and Piano in G major, Op. 17 No. 3 (Schubert). 1st Mov., 2nd Mov., 3rd Mov., 4th Mov., Allegro (Violin) with Alfonso Puccini (Piano). Three Places from "Fantasy Places" Op. 11 (Schumann). Des Abends, Abendwunsch, Warum? Sjambek, Heintz (Piano). Sonata for Violin and Piano in A major, Op. 12 (Schubert). Allegro (Violin). Presto, Andante, Allegro vivace (Violin) Arthur Puccini (Piano).

11.45 A MAN IN THE ZOO.

11.46 MICHEL LEGRAND PLAYS COLE PORTER.

11.47 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

11.48 WEATHER REPORT.

11.49 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, FOR YOUR DELIGHT—(Repeat Series).

11.50 FRANKLY PASSIONATE—(Repeat First Episode).

11.51 BBC BANDSTAND—Gibert Vinter and the Concert Band.

11.52 WE LIVE AND LEARN.

11.53 MONDAY CONCERT—FIRST Movements: "Adagio" from Symphony No. 10 in E Sharp Major (Mozart). Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera cond. by Hermann Scherchen.

11.54 MEN OF THE SEA—Henry Bloch.

11.55 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Pamela.

11.56 LUCKY DIP—Presented by Merv.

11.57 WEATHER REPORT.

11.58 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.59 INTERLUDE.

11.60 SHOW BUSINESS—Introduced by Aileen Woods.

11.61 THE ARCHERS.

7.30 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY.

7.31 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC—WITH Maria and Miranda.

11.62 A MUSICAL HISTORY OF THE BOSTON POPS.

11.63 WEATHER REPORT.

11.64 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

11.65 DAVID OSTRISKY (VIOLIN).

11.66 THE PASSPORT—BY LEWIS GRANT WALLACE.

11.67 WEATHER REPORT.

11.68 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

11.69 MUSIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Quartet No. 1 in A major, Op. 7 (Bela Bartok). The Julliard String Quartet (Robert Mann & Robert Koif, Violins; Raphael Hillyer, Viola; Alice Winchester, Cello). Sonatas (Bartok). 1st Mov.—Moderato, 2nd Mov.—Allegro vivace. Placebo Sola by Genn Andina.

11.70 WEATHER REPORT.

11.71 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.

11.72 CANDLELIGHT—Presented by Pamela Johnson.

11.73 WEATHER REPORT.

11.74 NEWS HEADLINES.

11.75 TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

7.30 WE LIVE AND LEARN.

11.76 MUSIC FROM CANADA—Sonata for Piano (R. Mathieu). Guy Bourassa (Piano) Quintet (R. Mathieu). Hyacinth Bress (Violin), Calvin Sieb (Violin), Otto Joachim (Viola), Walter Joachim (Cello), Charles Reiner (Piano).

4.40 HINDLEFORD—No. 6 "Revenge for the Bellingers."

4.41 THE YOUNG IDEA.

5.40 HOMeward ROUND.

5.50 WEATHER REPORT.

6.40 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

6.41 OLD HONGKONG.

6.42 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND.

6.43 SPEAKING GENERALLY.

6.44 THE ARCHERS.

7.40 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY.

7.41 THE THREE GENERATIONS OF JAZZ.

7.42 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

8.15 BOOKSHOP—"The Natural Bent" by Lionel Fielden; "The Good Years" by Walter Lord; "The Truth About A Publisher" by Sir Stanley Unwin. Reviewed by Michael Orsler.

8.30 FROM THE CONCERT HALL—Recital by Vera Rutledge-Desi (mezzo-Soprano) accompanied by Eric Smith and Ho Sze-nang (piano).

9.00 LETTER FROM AMERICA—By Alastair Cooke.

9.15 WE'RE IN BUSINESS—With Peter Jones and Harry Worth in "The Newspaper Business" produced by Charles Maxwell.

9.45 SONGS BY TRIO LOS PARAGUAYOS.

9.46 WEATHER REPORT.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

10.15 STARLIGHT SERENADE.

10.20 WEATHER REPORT.

11.40 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.

11.45 CHORALE—Cantata No. 209 (Johann Sebastian Bach) Sinfonia Recitative; Aria Recitative (Aria). Terese Stich-Randall (soprano) Hens Reznicek (flute) Josef Nebols (comballo) Vienna State Opera Orchestra cond. by Anton Heller. Eine deutsche Orgelmesse (JS Bach) Præludium Kyrie, Gott Vater in Ewigkeit, Allein Gott in der Hoh' sel Ehr! Professor Fritz Heitmann (organ).

11.51 WEATHER REPORT.

12.00 TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

11.15 MOONLIGHT AND STRINGS.

11.51 WEATHER REPORT.

12.00 NEWS HEADLINES.

12.00 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Friday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, BREEZING ALONG.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

12.00 BREEZING ALONG—(Cont'd.).

12.45 WEATHER REPORT.

12.45 BREEZING ALONG—(Cont'd.).

12.55 WEATHER REPORT.

12.55 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

13.00 PROGRAMME PARADE.

13.15 DIARY FOR TODAY, FRIDAY FAVOURITES.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

9.02 HOME TILL TEN.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (Repeat).

10.15 THE VOICE OF JULIE LONDON.

10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US—(a) Australian Roundup—A programme about people and events in Australia; (b) The Land of the Bible—"The Negev."

11.00 CONCERTO—Overture—"Midsummer Night's Dream" Op. 21 (Mendelssohn). L'Orchestre Des Concerts Lamoureux cond. by Paul Van Kempen; Concerto for 2 pianos and Orchestra in A Flat Major (Mendelssohn). 1st Mov.—Allegro vivace, 2nd Mov.—Andante, 3rd Mov.—Allegro vivace—Presto. Orazio Frugend and Annarosa Taddei (Pianists) with Vienna Symphony Orchestra, cond. by Rudolf Moralt. Meaning Papers, Op. 279 Waltz (Joh. Strauss, Jr.), The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra cond. by Sir Thomas Beecham, Batt. Noon TAKE IT FROM HERE.

12.30 pm SINGING THROUGH THE AGES.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA—By Alastair Cooke (Repeat).

1.45 FASCINATING RHYTHM.

2.00 LONDON CALLING.

2.30 LET'S HARMONIZE—With the Crewcuts and Trio Los Pichos. That old gang of mine (Henderson-Dixon-Rose). When you were sweet sixteen (James Thornton). Cruising down the river (E. Beale).

Saturday

REDIFFUSION

JOHNNY BOND PRESENTS LATEST COWBOY MUSIC

With the signing of American folk singer and composer Johnny (Red River Valley) Bond to Rediffusion's ever-growing talent roster, Hongkong residents can now hear, for the very first time, cowboy music presented with a great degree of authenticity.

Johnny Bond has been, for many years, one of the top artists in his field. It's as a "deejay" that we in Hongkong will hear him, presenting the latest in cowboy and western music on record, and telling us of the people who make the records—most of whom Johnny has known and worked with for years.

The Johnny Bond Show can be heard on Saturday evenings at 6 o'clock over the Blue Network of Rediffusion.

Now that the Franco Trombetta Band of Maxim's is out of town, Rediffusion will be replaying the music of the popular Joseph Koo Combo direct from the Cactus Room in Gloucester Road on Saturdays at 9.35 pm. Your Host for this series will be Tony Myatt.

Ricardo Mendez, better known as El Troubadour, will star in a new series of programmes on Sundays at 8.15 pm over the Blue Network of Rediffusion. Mendez will sing in English and Spanish, and accompany himself on his guitar.

"John Turner's Family," Rediffusion's new serial, is being broadcast Monday through Friday at 5 o'clock.

Drama, excitement, homely humour and even touches of tragedy find their way into this deeply human account of the life of a country clergyman and his family. The show is, of course, completely non-denominational. It is notable for a powerful story, sympathetic portrayal of life in a country town, and warm and vivid characterisation.

Sunday

7.00 am SUNDAY SERENADE.

8.00 DIXIE A.M. WITH THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND.

8.30 CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST.

9.00 NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS & WEATHER FORECAST.

9.10 ACCENT ON THE ACCORDION.

9.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.

10.30 THE NAVY LARK (Final).

11.00 MOVIE MAGAZINE (Repeat).

11.30 PIANO RECITAL—By Julius Isserlis—"Sonatina Concertante, Op. 23," by Panchu Vladiguerov.

12.00 Noon SECOND SPRING.

12.45 pm ORCHESTRA OF THE WEEK.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT, NEWS AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 THE JIM AMECE SHOW.

2.30 SUNDAY CONCERT.

3.30 WAX TO WATCH—Presented by John Shepard.

4.30 ALBUM OF WALTZES.

5.00 YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT.

6.00 THE BALLAD HUNTER—Presented by Alan Lomax.

6.30 BBC JAZZ CLUB—with Johnny Dankworth and his Orchestra and Cleo Laine.

7.00 SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN—"The Hostelry Of Mr. Smith."

7.30 MUSIC FOR YOUNG PEOPLE—Music by Tchaikovsky. Presented by Fr. T. F. Ryan, SJ.

Tuesday

7.30 am TIME SIGNAL, BRIGHT AND EARLY.

11.11 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.12 BRIGHT AND EARLY (Cont'd.).

11.13 WEATHER REPORT.

11.14 BRIGHT AND EARLY—(Cont'd.).

11.15 WEATHER REPORT.

11.16 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.17 PROGRAMME PARADE.

11.18 DIARY FOR TODAY.

11.19 TUESDAY'S TICKS—ALSO IN THIS (Bartok's Edition). "Madame Butterfly" (Puccini). They call me Mimì (from "La Bohème") (Puccini). Recuerdo (Arias from "Tosca") (Puccini). Roberto's Waltz Song (from "La Bohème") (Puccini). Diana Non Voi (from "Madame Butterfly") (Puccini).

11.20 LET'S MAKE MUSIC.

11.21 THE SOON SHOW—"Queen Anne's Rain" (Repeat).

11.22 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

11.23 WEATHER REPORT.

11.24 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.25 TALKING ABOUT MUSIC.

11.26 LUNCH-TIME MUSIC.

11.27 THE BRADLEY REMEMBERS—(Repeat).

11.28 DO YOU REMEMBER?

11.30 am CAVALCADE OF MUSIC.

11.15 pm BIG BAND SHOW.

11.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.

11.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.

11.15 YOU SAID IT (Repeat).

11.45 INTERNATION THEATRE ORCHESTRA.

12.00 TIME SIGNAL AND BIG BEN RADIO NEWS-REEL.

Sunday

(Rediffusion cont'd):

2.00 BBC NEWS.
2.00 WEATHER FORECAST.
3.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 EL TROUBADOUR — Ricardo Mendez.
8.30 THE PRINCE OF PEACE — Op. 26 "The Parable Of The Lord Whose Servant Owed Him Money: The Cure of the Ten Lepers: The Vanquishing of the Pharisees in Debate."
9.00 MAKE WAY FOR MUSIC.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 TAKE IT FROM HERE.
10.05 CLASSICS IN HI-FI.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.25 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Monday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
8.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 MORNING MATINEE.
10.00 MUSIC BY MELACHRINO.
10.30 SECOND SPRING.
10.43 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
10.45 MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH (Repeat).
11.00 COFFEE TIME.
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.
11.45 RECITAL.
12.00 Noon. QUESTION MARK? (Repeat).
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE — Paul Temple and the Gilbert Case (Repeat).
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHEON CLUB.
2.00 MELODY TIME.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.10 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY.
5.28 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
5.30 MONDAY REQUESTS.
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With Mike Ellery.
7.00 THE NATURALIST — "Why Be A Naturalist?"
7.15 MUSIC BY MANTOVANI.
7.45 VOICE OF SPORT.
8.00 BBC NEWS.
8.00 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 RADIO DOCTOR "HYPNOTISM."
8.35 FILM TIME.
8.30 STARS ON WINGS.
9.00 LIFE WITH THE LYONS.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 A MANY SPLENDIDOURRED THING.
10.00 SWINGIN' SHEPARD.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.25 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Tuesday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
8.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 MORNING MATINEE.
10.00 MUSIC BY MELACHRINO.
10.30 SECOND SPRING.
10.43 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
10.45 PERRY COMO.
11.00 COFFEE TIME.
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.
11.45 RECITAL.
12.00 Noon. PROGRESSIVE JAZZ.
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE — Orbiter (Repeat).
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
2.00 MELODY TIME.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY.
5.28 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
5.30 TUESDAY REQUESTS.
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With Mike Ellery.
7.00 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND.
7.15 YESTERDAY'S HITS.
REDFUSION BYLINE.
8.00 BBC NEWS.
8.00 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 MOVIE MAGAZINE.
8.45 JAZZ FROM CANADA — With the Oscar Peterson Trio.
9.00 PAUL TEMPLE AND THE GILBERT CASE.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 LAUGH TILL YOU CRY.
10.00 THE JIM AMEYCHE SHOW.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.25 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Wednesday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
8.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 MORNING MATINEE — With Tony Myatt.
10.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.
10.30 SECOND SPRING.
10.43 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
10.45 FRANK SINATRA (Final).
11.00 COFFEE TIME.
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.
11.45 RECITAL.
12.00 Noon. SING SOMETHING SIMPLE (Repeat).
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE — The Cuthbert Kid (Final). (Repeat).
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
1.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE (Repeat).

2.00 MELODY TIME.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY.
5.28 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
5.30 SING KONG REQUESTS.
6.00 ANYTHING GOES.
7.00 SING ALONG WITH US.
7.15 YOUR HONGKONG HIT PARADE.
7.45 YOU SAID IT: LISTENERS' RECORDED COMMENTS ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.
8.00 BBC NEWS.
8.30 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.30 DIAMOND MUSIC SHOW.
9.00 THE FLYING DOCTOR — The Stick-up — With James McKechnie and Bill Kerr.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 ODYSSEY TO EUROPE.
10.00 GUILT PARTY.
10.30 SWEET WITH A BEAT.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
11.03 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

8.25 MOVIE MAGAZINE — Introduced By John Bow.
1.00 "MEN OF SPORT" — Introduced By Lee Wei Tong.
9.05 THE WORLD NEWS — (English Commentary).
9.15 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

Page 3

Thursday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
8.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 MORNING MATINEE.
10.00 MUSIC BY MELACHRINO.
10.30 SECOND SPRING.
10.43 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
10.45 MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH (Repeat).
11.00 COFFEE TIME.
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.
11.45 RECITAL.
12.00 Noon. STARS ON WINGS (Repeat).
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE — Life with the Lyons.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA.
1.45 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
2.15 MELODY TIME — Light Music.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY.
5.28 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
5.30 FRIDAY REQUESTS — Presented by Tony Myatt.
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With Mike Ellery.
7.00 CONCERT CANTEOS.
7.15 THIRTY TO ONE — Presenting the Musical Choices of the Lee Family, of 5, Breezy Terrace, 1st Floor, Hongkong.
7.45 REDFUSION BYLINE.
8.00 BBC NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 BEYOND OUR KEY.
8.45 THE JACKIE ROBINSON SHOW.
9.00 ORBITER X — "Flight To The Moon."
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 SING SOMETHING SIMPLE.
10.05 MOONLIGHT SERENADE.
11.00 STOP PRESS.
12.00 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
12.00 Midnight. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

5.00 pm TIME FOR TOTS.
5.15 "CHAMPION" — THE WONDER HORSE.
5.40 "HUCKLEBERRY HOUND."
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.20 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
7.35 THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD.
8.00 THE WORLD NEWS — (Chinese Commentary).
8.10 "HIRAM HOLLIDAY."
8.15 "AMERICAN COWBOY."
9.05 THE WORLD NEWS — (English Commentary).
9.15 "PERRY MASON."
10.05 "HAVE GUN WILL TRAVEL."
10.30 "PANIC."
11.33 "PEOPLE IN TROUBLE."
11.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

Tuesday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
8.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 MORNING MATINEE.
10.00 MUSIC BY MELACHRINO.
10.30 SECOND SPRING.
10.43 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
10.45 RICHARD KILEY SINGS HITS FROM THE SHOW (Final).
11.00 COFFEE TIME.
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.
11.45 RECITAL.
12.00 Noon. CENTURY OF SONG (Final). (Repeat).
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE — In Lighter Mood (Repeat).
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 MODERN JAZZ.
2.00 MELODY TIME.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY.
5.28 PROGRAMME HIGHLIGHTS.
5.30 THURSDAY REQUESTS.
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With Mike Ellery.
7.00 MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH.
7.15 QUESTION MARK? A PUZZLE COOPER.
7.45 LAUGHING AT LIFE — With Mike Ellery.
8.00 BBC NEWS.

5.00 pm CHINESE CHILDREN'S TALENT SHOW.
5.15 "LAUREL & HARDY."
5.35 "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."
5.55 CARTOONS.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.20 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
7.35 "WELL'S FARGO."
8.00 THE WORLD NEWS — (Chinese Commentary).
8.10 "NO HIDING PLACE."
9.05 THE WORLD NEWS — (English Commentary).
9.15 "ON THE SPOT."
9.30 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.15 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

3.30 pm "SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK" — Presented By Petit Duncan.
3.15 CARTOONS.
3.35 "KIT CARSON" — Starring Bill Williams.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.20 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
7.35 "THE ADVENTURES OF AG- GIE."
8.00 THE WORLD NEWS — (Chinese Commentary).
8.10 "YOU ASKED FOR IT."
8.15 BOYD Q.C.
9.05 THE WORLD NEWS — (English Commentary).
9.15 THE FRANKIE LAINE SHOW — With Connie Hines.
9.45 "ON TRIAL" — Presents "The Trial of Admiral Byrd."
10.30 "PETER GUNN."
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

COMMERCIAL RADIO 1530 kcs 196 mtrs.

SERIES ON THE LIVES OF FAMOUS MUSICIANS

The attention of students of music—and young people interested in music—is drawn to the first of a weekly series of four programmes on the lives of famous musicians starting on Friday.

Nicolo Paganini was one of the few composers who was also a great virtuoso performer and an infant prodigy. He made his debut as a violinist at nine and his first concert tour (through Italy) four years later.

His story was written by Marianne Kuranda and is narrated by Allin Robinson. Extracts from some of his compositions are included. The programme, Music Masters can be heard at 5.30.

The backbone of Show Business is provided not by the stars but by the experienced performers who consistently improve their work so that when their chance arrives they are ready for it. Singer Josie Quizon is one of this hard core of professionals who has had a wealth of experience in the Philippines, Talpal and Bangkok.

She is currently singing in a Hongkong nightclub and can be heard at 9.15 over this station on Sunday evening in the series "Singing For You."

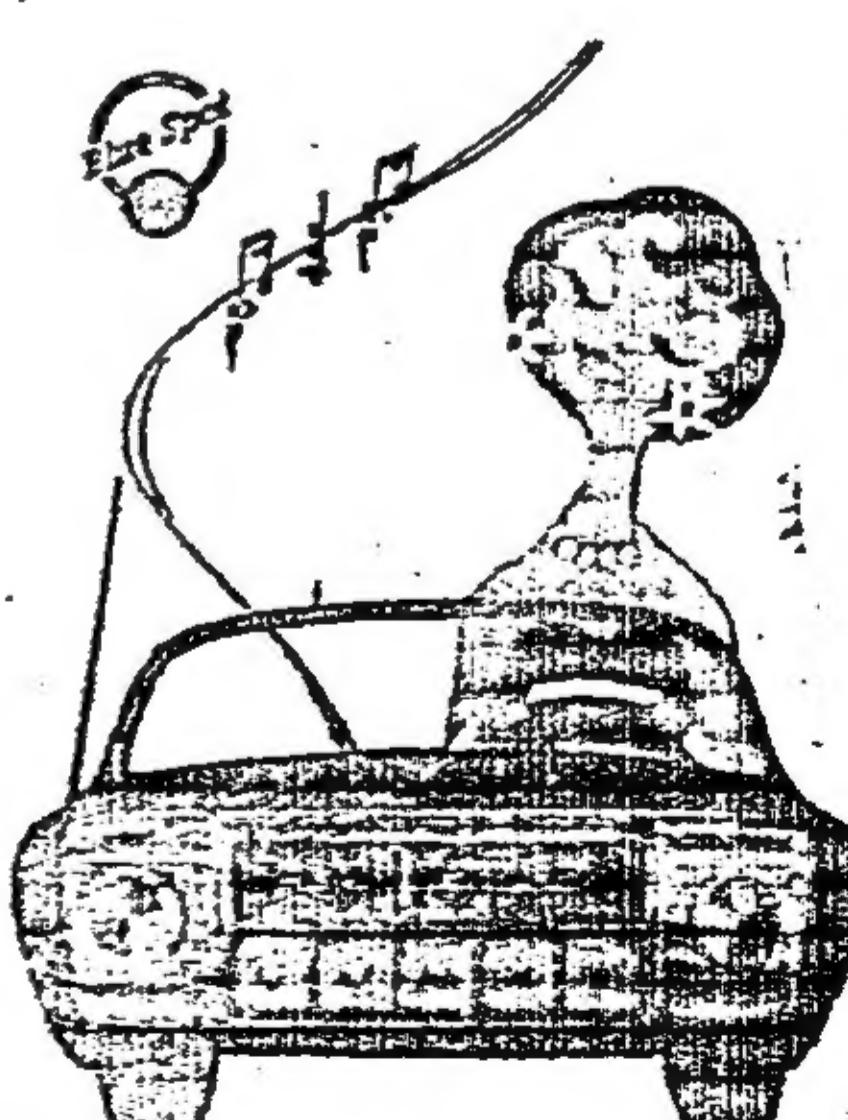
On Tuesday Offenbach's birthday is commemorated in the Composer of the Day concert at 2 o'clock. An interesting concert can be heard at 10.30 on Monday night when for half an hour music by Sir William Walton is broadcast. Rimsky Korsakoff is the Composer of the Day and two of his works are included in the programme. The Coq D'Or with Igor Markevitch conducting L'Orchestre Des Concerts Lamoureux and Anatole Fistoulari with the London Symphony Orchestra in a performance of Ivan The Terrible.

Wednesday night's Concert (10.30—11) is devoted to Kodaly's

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Monday

5.00 pm "JINGLE JILL."
5.25 CARTOONS.
5.30 "PONY EXPRESS."
5.35 CARTOONS.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.20 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
7.35 "THE SONG PARADE" — Introduced By John Bow.
8.00 THE WORLD NEWS — (Chinese Commentary).
8.10 "CHINESE CHESS" — Presented By Lee Chee Hol.

(Commercial cont'd)

Harry Jancs Suits with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Tibor Paul, and on Thursday, at 5.30 we can hear Eugene Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Women's Voices in Debussy's *Three Nocturnes*.

SPOKEN WORD

Sunday, 9.30-10 pm—George Ramage introduces a varied programme for readers and writers including works by local authors in 'Writers' Corner.'

Tuesday-Friday, 7.15-7.30 pm—Further instalments in the adventures of Superman.

Wednesday, 8.15-8.30 pm—Tom Cross with the 3 Star Quiz.

Wednesday, 8.30-9 pm—'Awakening,' repeat of Radio Novel first broadcast on June 16.

Friday, 8.30-9 pm—Harry S. Goodman presents 'Without Laughter.'

Saturday, 8.30-9 pm—Murder at Midnight. This week 'Murder's A Lonely Business.'

Sunday

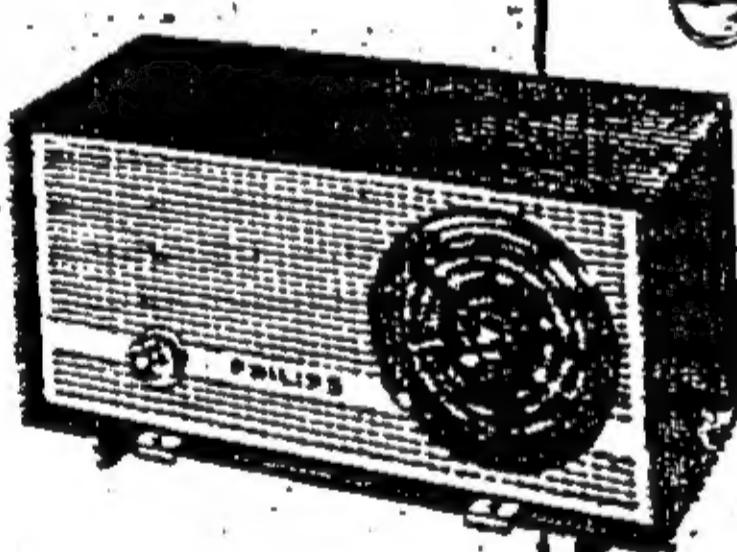
7.00 am AROUND THE WORLD.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
9.15 THE VOICE OF NELSON EDDY.
9.30 SUNDAY VARIETY.
10.00 VOICES FOR THE ASKING.
11.00 PIANO INTERLUDE.
11.15 SUNDAY STRINGS.
11.45 SOUNDS FROM ESES.
12.00 Noon YOUR TEN MINUTE MUSICAL—Presented by John Wallace.
11.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 YOUR TEN MINUTE MUSIC—Cont.
3.15 PROMENADE.
3.45 SEVEN UP BRINGS YOU DANCE MUSIC FROM BAND-STAND SEVEN.
3.15 SERVICES' SPECIAL.
6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
6.10 APPROX. SUMMER EVENING BERENADE.
6.30 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES AND TO YOU ALOHA.
7.10 SUNDAY CONCERT OF MUSIC—By Maurice Ravel.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 BRENDAN O'DOWDA SINGS SONGS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.
8.20 DICK HALVORSEN.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES—Music We Love.
9.15 SINGING FOR YOU.
9.30 WRITER'S CORNER.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 THE LATE SHOW.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 SOFTLY WITH STRINGS.
12.00 MIDNIGHT NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Monday

11.30 am SOUTH OF THE BORDER.
12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
2.30 BEELEY'S OPEN HOUSE.
4.30 CONTINENTAL ENCORES.
4.30 DICK HALVORSEN BRINGS YOU MUSIC FROM SCHWEPPES CONCERT HALL.
4.30 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
4.30 MAN ABOUT TOWN—Frank Sinatra.
4.30 AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES—A British Interlude.
7.30 EXTRACTS FROM THE CAST RECORDING OF 'WONDERFUL TOWN'.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 THE COLUMBIA SYMPHONETTE.
8.30 MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—The Death Do Us Part.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES—String Serenade.
9.30 SPORTS NEWS.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 6 POINT BAND SHOW.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RE-

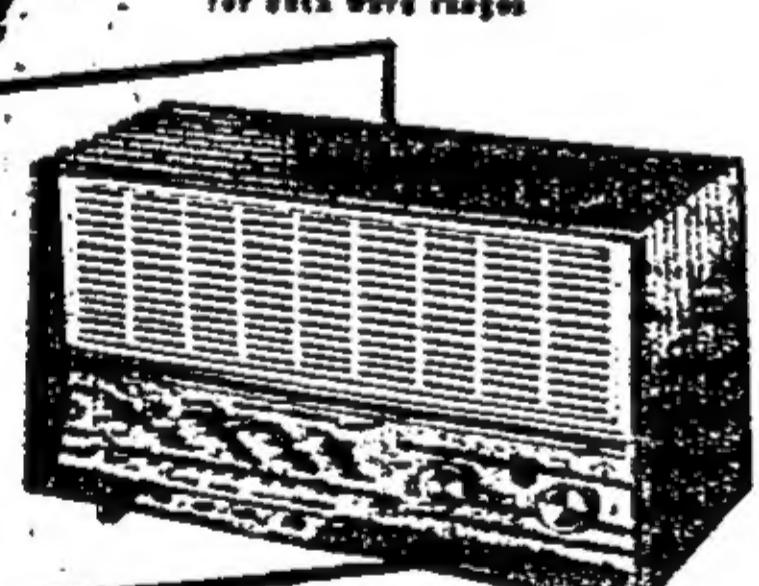
Monday

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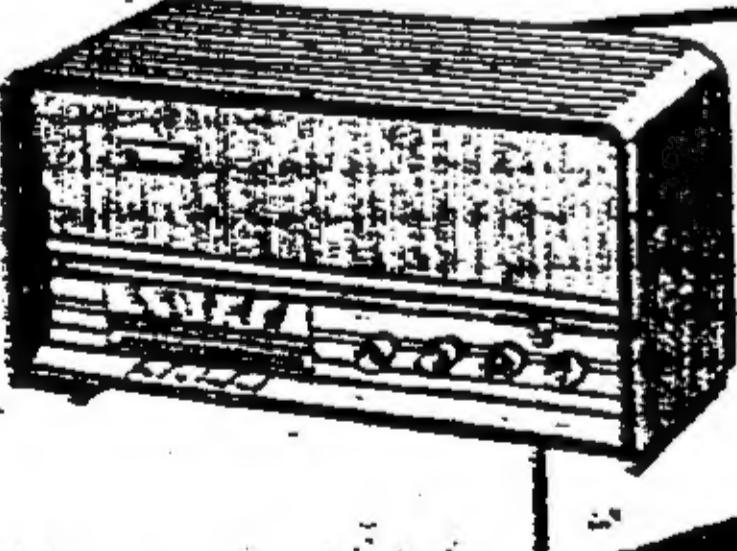


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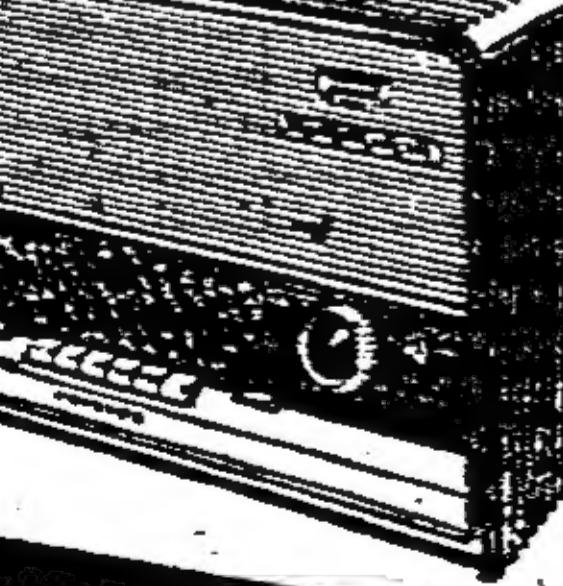
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10.30 OWEN, OLIVER AND ORTEGA.

11.00 THE QUIET TIME.

11.30 MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS.

12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.

1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.

2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Rimsky-Korsakow. The Golden Cockerel. Igor Markevitch conducts L'Orchestre Des Concerts Lamoureux. Also Ivan the Terrible.

2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.

3.00 FOR THE LADIES—Presented by Mary Collins.

4.00 KEYBOARD MEDLEY.

4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.

5.00 CLASSICAL CONCERT—Mozart. Coronation Mass in C major. K. 317.

5.30 COMBO TIME.

6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.

6.10 approx. CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE—Followed by Music from beneath Blue Skies.

6.30 THE HI FI CLUB.

7.00 NEWS HEADLINES AND THE STRADIVARIETY ORCHESTRA.

7.15 PIANO RECITAL—By Abbey Simon.

7.30 AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

8.30 DIAMOND TIME.

9.00 NEWS HEADLINES—Music from Israel played by Pierre Spiers.

9.15 RADIO REPORT.

9.30 TAKE THIRTY—with Dick Halvorsen.

10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 MONDAY CONCERT OF MUSIC—By William Walton.

11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.

12.00 MIDNIGHT NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

10.00 by the Budapest String Quartet.

10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 KENDALL'S CORNER.

11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.

12.00 MIDNIGHT NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

1.15 THE NEW ONES.

1.30 NEWS HEADLINES—Scenes de Petrograd by Darius Milhaud, sung by Jean-Christophe Benoit.

1.45 EPISODE 99—Superman.

1.50 THE FAR EAST MOTORS SHOW—Introduced by John Wallace.

2.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

2.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

2.30 THE NATIONAL HALF HOUR NEWS HEADLINES—Marimba Chivas.

2.45 RADIO REPORT.

2.50 LA RONDE CONTINENTALE—with Lydia St. Clair.

3.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

3.15 FRANK COMSTOCK'S ORCHESTRA.

3.30 CONCERT—By Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

3.45 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

3.50 OPERA HIGHLIGHTS—Lucia di Lammermoor—Act 3 by Donizetti with Lily Pons and Richard Tucker.

4.00 MIDNIGHT NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

5.00 SANGO TIME.

5.15 RED FRYSOCK PLAYS FOR DANCERS.

5.30 CLASSICAL CONCERT—Debussy Three Nocturnes.

6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.

6.10 approx. CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE.

6.30 ALL STRINGS AND FANCY FREE.

6.45 THE NEW ONES.

7.00 NEWS HEADLINES—Scenes de Petrograd by Darius Milhaud, sung by Jean-Christophe Benoit.

7.15 EPISODE 99—Superman.

7.30 THE FAR EAST MOTORS SHOW—Introduced by John Wallace.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

8.30 THE NATIONAL HALF HOUR NEWS HEADLINES—Marimba Chivas.

9.15 RADIO REPORT.

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11.15 OPERA HIGHLIGHTS—Lucia di Lammermoor—Act 3 by Donizetti with Lily Pons and Richard Tucker.

12.00 MIDNIGHT NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Tuesday

7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.10 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.

8.30 HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.

9.00 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.

10.00 MUSIC FOR THE JOY OF LIVING.

11.00 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.

11.10 DROP ME OFF UP TOWN.

12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.

1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.

2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Offenbach Birthday Concert.

2.15 approx. INTERLUDE.

3.00 FOR THE LADIES—Presented by Mary Collins.

4.00 STRINGS FOR TEA TIME.

4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.

5.00 THAT LATIN BEAT.

6.00 PASSPORT TO ROMANCE.

6.10 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.

6.10 approx. CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE—Followed by On Wings of Song.

6.30 NICK KENDALL AND THE TOP TEN.

7.00 NEWS HEADLINES—Hazel Scott at the Piano.

7.15 EPISODE 97—Superman.

7.30 QUESTION AND ANSWER—with John Wallace.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.15 OPERATIC RECITAL—By Robert Merrill.

8.30 AMERICAN FOLK SONGS—June Elliott introduces the second in the series.

9.00 NEWS HEADLINES—Dolf van der Linden's Orchestra.

9.15 RADIO REPORT—A review of events and people in Hong Kong produced by John Wallace.

9.30 CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT—Mozart's String Quartet No. 16 in A major, K. 464, played

7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.10 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.

9.0

VOYAGE OF NO RETURN CONCLUSION

For six years rumour and slander thrived on the fact that the submarine Seal had surrendered to the enemy. Only her crew knew what had really happened. But now, at last, the truth was to be told . . . and judgment delivered.

Seal's captain wins his last battle

At nine o'clock on the morning of April 10, 1946, the court-martial gun was fired at the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth. An hour later, in a green and cream room, a court of five naval captains assembled to investigate the circumstances in which, six years earlier, his Majesty's submarine Seal surrendered to the enemy and her crew became prisoners of war.

On the scarlet baize of the table lay, horizontally the sword of the man who had commanded Seal on that fateful day when, for nearly 24 hours, she had lain trapped in the mud of the Kattegat, escaping from that predicament only to become the victim of enemy planes and surface craft.

The accused officer was Lieut-Commander Rupert Lonsdale, a quiet and unassuming sort of man.

AT STAKE . . .

For the court-martial he wore a high-collared frock coat, full dress sword belt, and cocked hat—a strange contrast from the dingy uniform he had worn in the blue-grey world of Seal as she struggled to free herself from the mud those six long years ago.

At stake was not only Lonsdale's honour but the honour of his crew and of the submarine branch at large; for the surrender of a British warship on the high seas—an unique occurrence in the last war—had been the subject of speculation and rumour both in the Navy and outside it.

Now the crew's conduct in those moments of dire emergency, when their vitality had been sapped almost to vanishing point by carbon dioxide poisoning, was to be probed and probed again. When Seal final-

ly surfaced she was a useless, court of law. No matter how clear his conscience may be, the imponderables and uncertainties of judicial procedure are likely to send irrational gusts of fear to the court; Seal's dangerous penetration into the Kattegat to lay her mines; the bombing attack which caused slight damage; her continuation of the mission despite this; the healthy withdrawal, with enemy surface craft always near; the decision to lie in hiding on the seabed; the shattering explosion when a mine blew a hole in her stern; and the day-long struggle to surface her.

There was the attack by enemy planes. Her guns fired back until they jammed, and Lonsdale recollects from the prospect of sacrificing 60 lives by continuing a struggle in which he could not possibly do any damage on the enemy.

The issue before the court was: Did he do right? Was there anything else he could, with honour, have done?

FRIGHTENING

Lonsdale faced two charges: failing to take immediate action to engage the enemy aircraft which attacked Seal (Lonsdale, knowing his hopeless position, had tried the ruse of sending signals intended to give his attackers the impression that Seal was a neutral submarine); and failing to take steps to ensure the sinking of Seal when it appeared likely that she would fall into enemy hands.

For an accused man, there is something frightening about a

surveillance was a useless, court of law. No matter how clear his conscience may be, the imponderables and uncertainties of judicial procedure are likely to send irrational gusts of fear to the court; Seal's dangerous penetration into the Kattegat to lay her mines; the bombing attack which caused slight damage; her continuation of the mission despite this; the healthy withdrawal, with enemy surface craft always near; the decision to lie in hiding on the seabed; the shattering explosion when a mine blew a hole in her stern; and the day-long struggle to surface her.

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INTERRUPTED

After this sombre prologue, the court turned to the main drama; the events when Seal finally struggled to the surface. Lonsdale had been giving evidence for nearly half an hour, speaking almost without interruption.

He was then interrupted by Captain G. C. Phillips, who asked him about his reactions on the bridge when he learned that Seal had lost the use of her rudder, and could not be steered towards the neutral Swedish coast.

"I cannot claim that I was incapacitated by any headache



THE MAN ON TRIAL—AND HIS DEFENDER

LEFT: Lieut-Commander Rupert Lonsdale; ABOVE: Captain G. C. Phillips, the accused's friend (on the right) with men from the submarine branch of the Royal Navy.

"Seal was unmanageable and partly flooded. Her captain decided that his duty was to his crew; as far as taking an effective part in the war was concerned, Seal's position was considered hopeless by the accused and also by the staff of Admiral Submarines."

"Under his feet the accused had fifty-nine men whom he was determined to save. He had got the idea in his mind that he was going to save the crew and everything he did revolved around that."

"No half-truths or evasive statements have been made by

the accused or his witnesses.

He behaved with great gallantry

in a situation of almost intolerable danger."

"This is not a story of negligence, but of courage in adversity. I ask the court

to acquit the accused on both charges."

The court-room was cleared as the five naval captains began to consider their verdict. Forty-five minutes later the doors were reopened, and Lonsdale, the prosecuting and defending officers, the witnesses, and all the members of Seal's former ship's company who had sat quietly through the whole proceedings, came back to their places. All eyes were on Lonsdale.

His face was grey, and he still wore the tired and drawn look that had been part of him for the two days' ordeal.

He looked at the five captains and at the table in front of them.

On the scarlet baize lay his sword; and the hilt was pointing towards him. The traditional sign told him all that he wanted to know. He was honourably acquitted.

Lonsdale stepped briskly forward, addressed himself to the president of the court, Captain C. F. Norris, and saluted. Quietly Captain Norris spoke to him: "I have much pleasure in handing you back your sword."

It was all over.

As he left the court-room, he was surrounded by the mass of officers, chiefs, and petty officers, and ratings who had served under him in Seal, and who had managed by one means or another to be present at Portsmouth, irrespective of whether or not they were being called to give evidence.

There was a clamour to shake his hand, pat him on the back, and congratulate him.

Some of the men were near tears. Rupert Lonsdale, their captain—their captain—had never needed justifying to them.

But now he stood justified before the whole world.

So did they themselves. Their mess-mates, the crews around

Fort Blockhouse, the submarine docks arrived, and a very private occasion began.

For Lonsdale the court-martial marked the beginning of a new period in his life.

On June 4, 1940, he began his Norwegian campaign, but this was almost his last official connection with the Royal Navy,

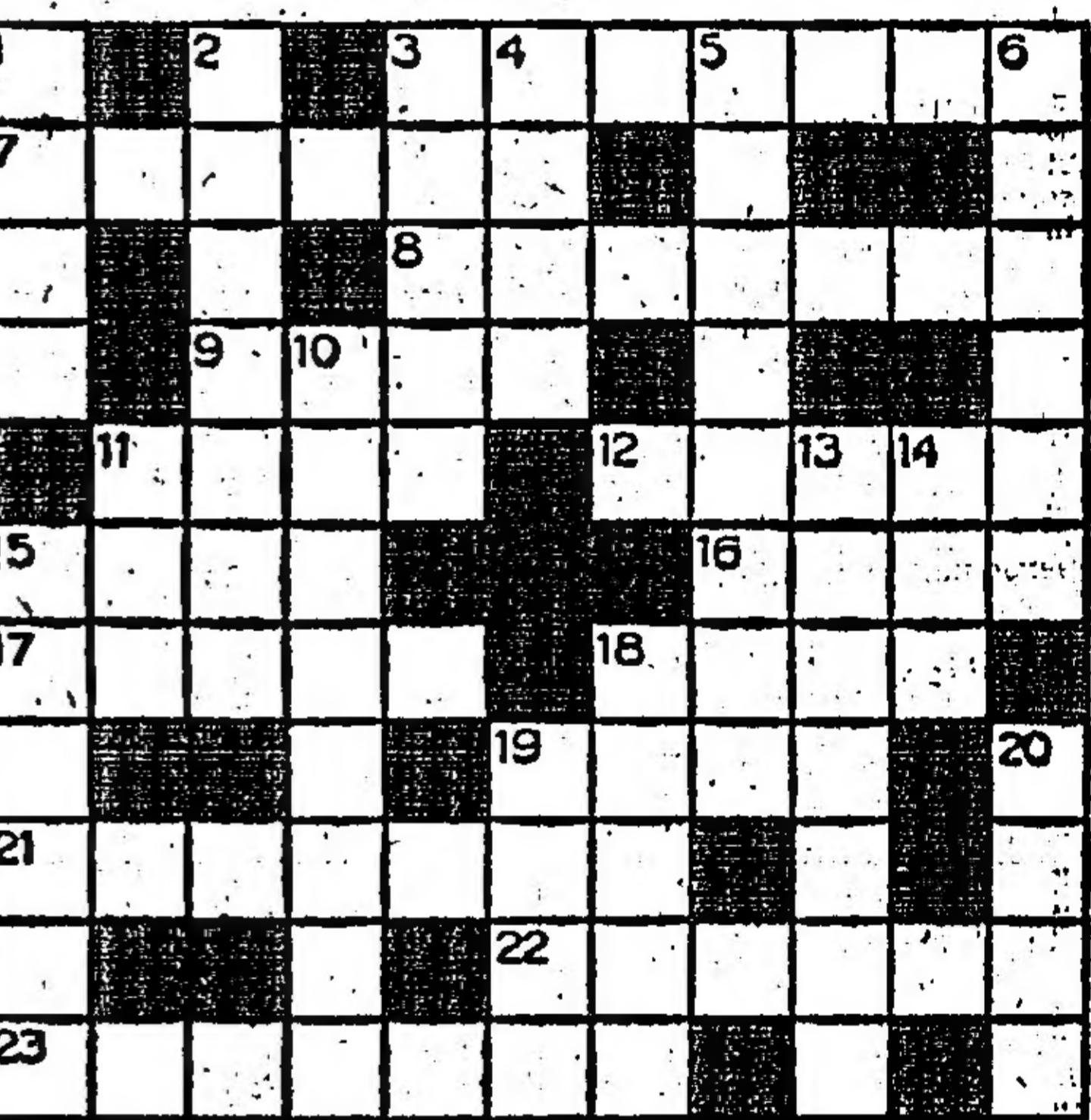
for very shortly afterwards he resigned his commission. He had decided to enter the Church.

Later that year he began his training at Ridley Hall theological college, Cambridge. He was ordained as priest in 1949. He is now rector of the Hampshire village of Bentworth.

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London Express Services

A British Crossword Puzzle



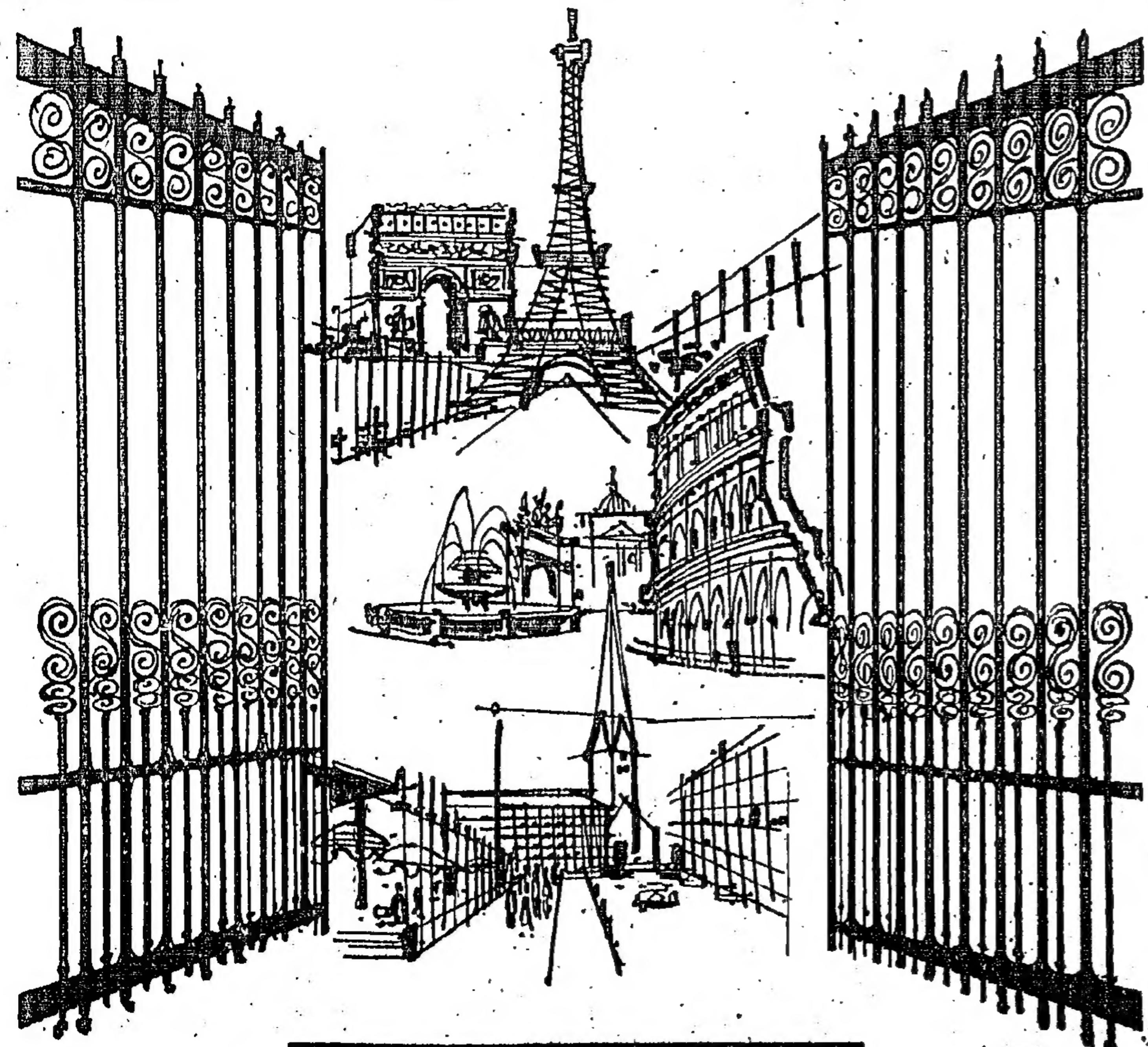
ACROSS

- 3 Caught,
- 7 Beached?
- 8 Horns,
- 9 Slip of a thing!
- 11 French,
- 12 Chestnut?..
- 15 Ledger,
- 16 Turn away,
- 17 It's cold for faces!
- 18 Opening,
- 19 Layer,
- 21 Early show,
- 22 Prizes,
- 23 They endure.

DOWN

- 1 No forward!
- 2 Laugh,
- 3 Transport for the bride,
- 4 Terc,
- 5 Garment,
- 6 Cleaner,
- 10 Merriment,
- 11 Title,
- 13 Performers,
- 14 Place the radio?
- 15 Rascals,
- 16 Opinions,
- 19 Naked animal?
- 20 Final clue!

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Half-crown, 3 Ridge, 10 Terc, 12 Bro, 13 Toc, 14 Myra, 15 Closer, 16 Slope, 18 Temple, 20 Thor, 22 Dews, 23 Lec, 24 Spuds, 25 Orate, 26 Persevered. Down: 2 Alder, 3 Flea, 4 Helle, 5 Wears, 6 Merriment, 7 Pear-tree, 8 Grasped, 11 Rooster, 15 Cot, 17 Lowers, 18 Adore, 21 Heavy, 23 Lola.



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"... and this is ME talking to MISTER K."

London Express Services

Limelight

The lush life of Oliver Messel

... BEHIND IT ALL

A LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE PAST



IN an overpoweringly opulent house, cluttered with crystal chandeliers and gilt cherubs, one discovers the small, neat, sports-jacketed figure of Mr Oliver Messel eating a Bovril sandwich for his tea.

"It's an eccentricity of mine," he says. He is referring to the sandwich, not the cherubs. A Barbadian house-boy wearing a Cecil Gee beach-shirt by way of uniform comes in to announce the arrival of an emissary from the Arts Council.

"Oh, dear," murmurs Mr Messel, "now you understand why I have to do most of my work at night. The day always seems to be taken up with one thing or another."

Working through the night, he has recently completed a bed for Cleopatra, a house for Sidney Bernstein, and a steam-bath for a new West End club. And all these various creations will bear the unmistakable stamp of Oliver Messel's exotic personality.

"I can assure you," he declared, "that my steam-bath will not look like anybody else's steam-bath. I see no reason why something that is useful should have to look utilitarian."

NO PROBLEM

In a functional mechanistic world, Mr Messel is continually looking back to lusher, more gorgeous periods of history, is involved in a perpetual love affair with the past.

Understandably when a film producer needs someone to design costumes for Cleopatra, Mr Messel is called in.

Was there any problem in conveying twentieth-century sexiness — of the Elizabeth Taylor kind — in terms of an early Egyptian wardrobe?

"On the contrary," says Mr Messel with a slight giggle. "The evidence is that Cleopatra exposed even more of her bosom than a film star. In fact, all of it."

"Of course one cannot be as historically authentic as all that. But the dresses I have designed for Miss Taylor are not, shall we say, needlessly decorous." Miss Taylor was understandably delighted.

EXTRAVAGANT

But Mr Messel, who designs operas, ballets, films, hotel suites, and garden parties, is worried about the impermanence of his work.

"A council house," he says disdainfully, "has a longer life

than one of my sets. And you can't imagine how much it takes out of me designing the sets for an opera season at Glyndebourne."

Jill gives her verdict...

"It sometimes makes me quite ill. And it is really a very extravagant thing for me to do because they can't possibly pay enough to make it worthwhile."

Seeking a more rewarding and permanent way of expressing his talent, he has, at the age of 56, taken up architecture.

"The first house that I have designed completely is a place for Sidney Bernstein in Barbados. It is what I would call a modern house, but I am not inspired, as some modern architects seem to be, by airport buildings."

"I am not against modern things. I think the new road leading to London Airport has a rather pretty shape, but I wouldn't want to live in it."

Despite his apparent predilection for things of the past, he declares admiringly that he would not wish to have been born in any age other than the present.

"I would have hated to live in the 18th century," he says. "I think the snobbishness of the period would have been quite unbearable. The segregation of the classes is something I can't bear. One wants to have a cozy relationship with one's servants, doesn't one."

That his profession — of which he is probably the world's most celebrated exponent — brings rich rewards is evident from the fact that he can afford to live in a style and an atmosphere every bit as lush as one of his more fantastic sets.

But, he says wistfully: "I have never stayed at the Oliver Messel suite. Can't afford it."

MR JUDD IS SO DISCREET

EDWARD JUDD is a 28-year-old actor who has been described by an

eminent critic as "a threat to O'Toole and an embuscade to Finney."

Certainly Mr Judd belongs to that group of gusty young actors who have been storming the theatrical establishments, terrorizing the defenders with their blood-curdling regional accents.

Though still unknown to the general public, Mr Judd has been given the leading male role in a new film being made by Val Guest, *The Day the Earth Caught Fire*.

He has also signed a £100,000 contract with Columbia.

In appearance (tough, unctuous) and in manner (raw, forthright, honest) he is comparable to O'Toole and Finney. But his general attitude is far more compliant and discreet.

John Huston, I hear, is having censor trouble in America with his film about Freud. The censor, it seems, is objecting to the inclusion in the script of such words as incest. Mr Huston reasonably insists that it is impossible to make a film about Freud without the use of such words.

— (London Express Service).

MY PARTS'

"Finney," he said, "is younger than me and he made his success without having much of a struggle, so perhaps he can afford to be more independent."



Picture by MICHAEL WARD

THERE ARE INDICATIONS that the revue is becoming sharper, flounier, more barbed in its approach to contemporary life. The other day I called in at a rehearsal of the Lord Chamberlain Regrets I found Miss Jill Ireland doing a skit on Mrs Jackie Kennedy.

There was also a number celebrating the demise of one about Mr Alfred Krupp.

There is another item in which Miss Ireland, as Madame Pompadour, is taking part in an 18th century version of *Juke Box Jury*. Asked to give her opinion of Mr Handel's latest disc, *The Messiah*, she says: "I liked the tune. But I couldn't hear the words."

Though the cast of *The Lord Chamberlain Regrets* is retreading these numbers with considerable relish, they are apprehensive on one score. The Lord Chamberlain, now considering the material, may respectfully excise some of their best lines — including the title.

"To make a living, I've had to accept all sorts of parts — on television, walk-ons in films — that I didn't necessarily like. So I can't really start getting arrogant now."

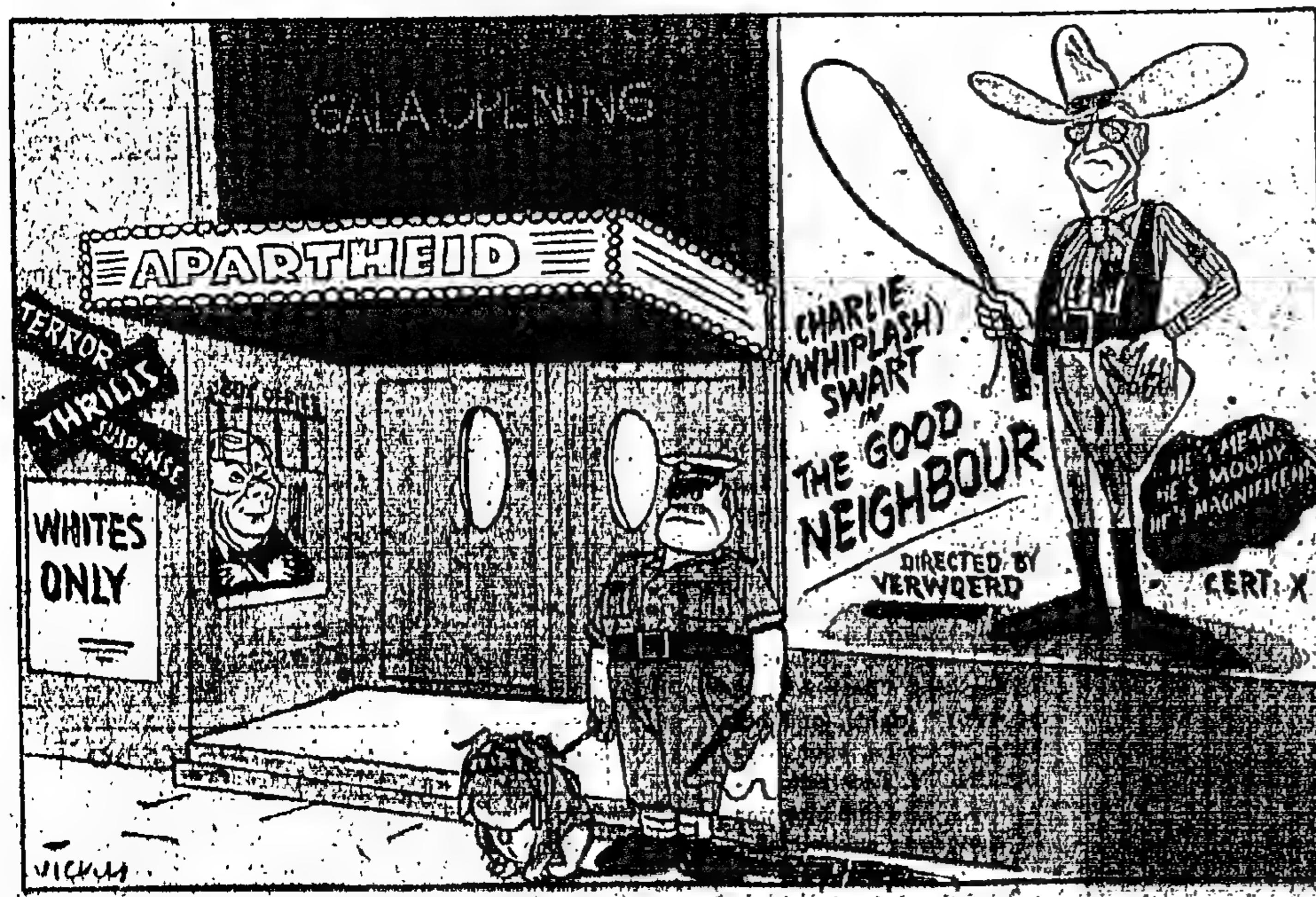
Besides, I think there is nothing more conformist than non-conformity. It's a bandwagon that everybody is climbing on now, and I don't want to be part of any group.

The job of the actor is to entertain the public, not to indulge his own egotistic fantasies."

It might almost be Noel Coward speaking.

JOHN HUSTON, I hear, is having censor trouble in America with his film about Freud. The censor, it seems, is objecting to the inclusion in the script of such words as incest. Mr Huston reasonably insists that it is impossible to make a film about Freud without the use of such words.

— (London Express Service).



Mr. Swart, first President of the Republic of South Africa, was once a film extra in Hollywood.

— (London Express Service).

GODFREY WINN

The next time you hear our young people called layabouts...

I HAVE just come back from Bath where I went to stay with friends for the opening of the festival. It was all very civilised, very remote, in a way, from life.

And then my hostess said: "I want you to come and see a club here that is unlike anything else in Britain. I want you to meet the young people behind it all."

"I met them myself, because the Festival Committee asked me to arrange a dance in the streets that night. And someone said: 'Go and enlist Keith Johnson; he will help you fix up the Jam 'Bones.'

Dancing every night in the streets... that's a social revolution for Bath, I thought. However, I was thinking to the other far greater social revolution or evolution in living that I discovered by chance when I parked our car in Grosvenor-Place, one of Bath's most beautiful terraces, in front of a house with a magnificent facade of Ionic columns.

There was music coming through the door, but not eighteenth-century music, in keeping with the date when the house was built as a gambling club for the rich tenants of the square round it.

hands they would restore and renovate the house, and turn it into a self-supporting, self-sufficient youth club.

That same evening he wrote to the council,

the club's founder explained to me. "It often turns down to the question of vitality. The one with the most, I mean. It can be wasted in hooliganism or harnessed to what we are slowly building up here with our own hands."

In the seven years since the club's inception, the members have somehow raised £7,000, every penny piece of which has gone in materials for mending the club and in painting and decorating.

And their club has no rules, except good will, good temper, and good sense.

The start

IT must have been an unusual document for they sent for him, and he was with the city burgesses for four hours.

He emerged with the promise of a lease and a completely free hand. A pound a week-rent, and nearly £2 a week for rates.

There was no water, no gas or electricity, and no sanitation of any kind. The whole place stank to high heaven of dry rot.

"How did you start your gamble?" I asked the young man with the very ascetic face, the direct gaze, and the neat dark suit.

"I started by cleaning my job. I became self-employed. I bought a vacuum cleaner on the never-never, and went from door to door canvassing. One woman asked me to clean two chairs. I charged a bob. It took eight hours."

"I learned the hard way, and in the process I learned a lot about carpets. Today I have my own carpet centre, which is doing well, and my partner is the fellow who helped me launch the club."

They began by enrolling 200 working members, each putting £1 into the kitty. Young men and women between the ages of 17 and 25.

Some were students, some worked in shops or offices, some were artisans, many were on the perilous verge of becoming Teddy Boys or Girls.

"There is such a narrow dividing line, such a tight-rope thinness between making the grade, or going over the edge."

— (London Express Service).

Enthusiasm

ONE of the group who went round with me, showing me the Churchill Cinema, with the extremely professional projection room they had built, was Gordon Holton, the treasurer of the club and an electrician by day. And equally now, an electrician by night.

"Every night!" I echoed.

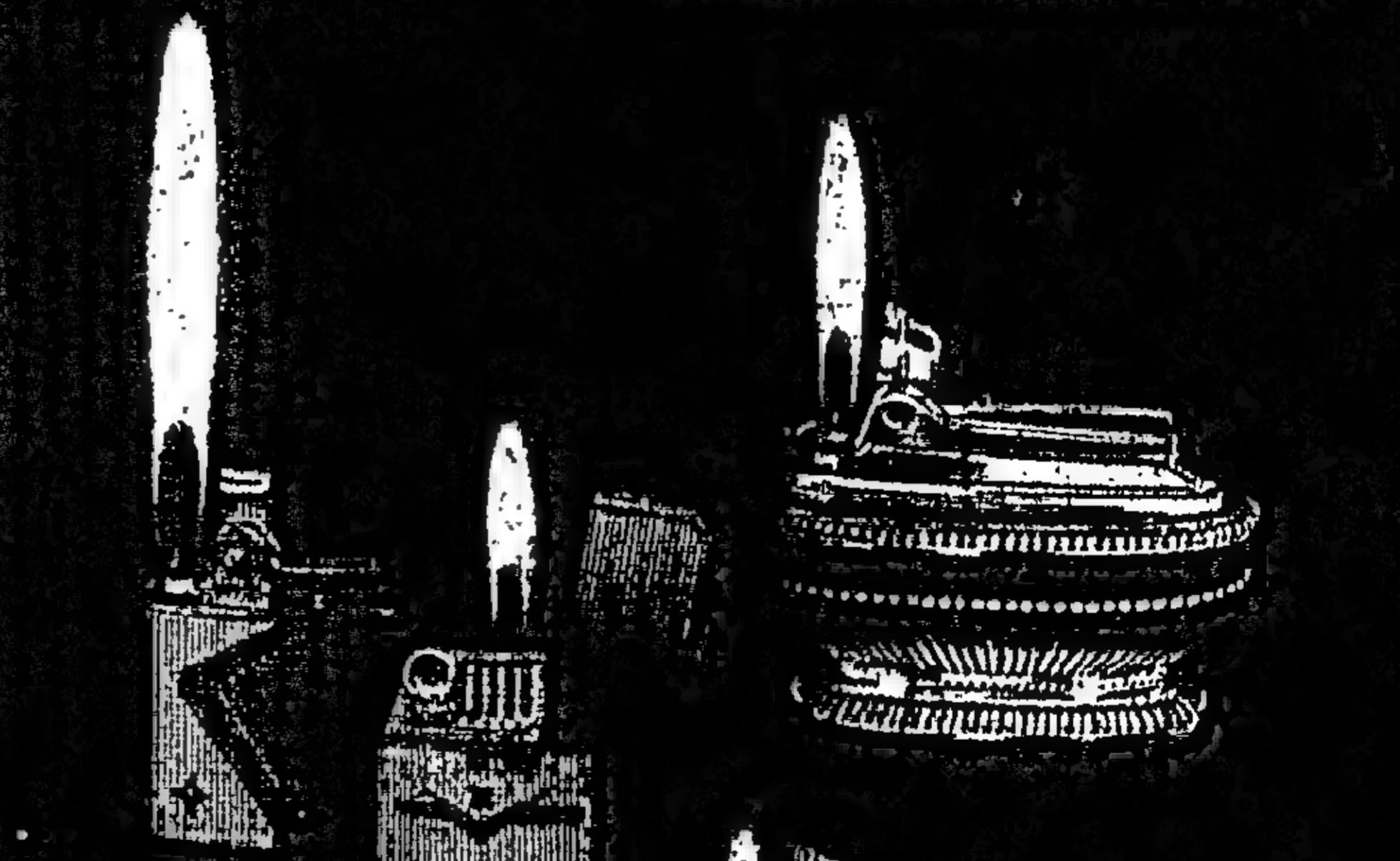
"Almost every night," he grinned. "That simple sentence said everything."

"Enthusiasm and good comradeship that was manifest everywhere, even in the extremely well-equipped laboratory, where its creator, 21-year-old Brian Stannard, in a white coat was waiting to show me his treasures.

"I used to house all my stuff in a shed in the garden bit home," he explained. "Then I came here one Saturday night, to the dance, and suggested that I would house it all here, and share it with anyone with like interests."

— (London Express Service).

NEW RONSON VARAFLAME



Low flame to high at a touch of the wheel

With the Ronson Varaflame, you choose the flame height you want — and set it at a touch of the Varaflame wheel. Exclusive to Ronson, Varaflame instant flame adjustment gives you the right flame height for every occasion.

Ronson Varaflame Multi-Fill: fuels the Ronson Varaflame in 3 seconds — lasts about a year in normal use.



sole agent: ED. A. KELLER & CO. LTD.



ABOVE: Mr Fung Ping-sam seen presenting a souvenir to Rotary International President J. E. McLaughlin during a joint Rotary Clubs dinner held at the Peninsula Hotel.



LEFT: Little Susan Trodd, pictured after her First Communion taken at St Teresa's Church, Kowloon, recently.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Leonel Soqueird after their wedding at St Teresa's Church last week. The bride is the former Miss Maria Margarida Nogueira.



ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, Mr Lau Ta-po and Mr C. H. Choung seen at the exhibition of paintings held at the Lung Kong Association recently.



ABOVE: Pretty Agnes Wong, student-actress of California's famous Pasadena Playhouse, seen during a press conference shortly after her arrival here last Sunday.



ABOVE: Col R. J. Nixon presenting the 'Commander-in-Chief's testimonial to Mr Wong Kwok-hung at the Bowring British Military Hospital.



ABOVE: Seen at the cocktails on board the Yugo Lin's new ship, the mv Baska, (l-r) Mr K. Mifka, Captain T. Gamulin and Mr A. Rankin.



ABOVE: Wearing grass skirts, 14 "Maoris" swept down the gangway when the ss Iberia docked with Australian and New Zealand Rotarians from Tokyo's convention, and began dancing the "Haka-Maori"—a dance symbolising greeting and friendship.



ABOVE: Air Vice-Marshal John Ford Hobler, newly appointed Air Officer in Charge of Administration, For East Air Force, flew in the other day to see "what the RAF in Hongkong needs." With him is Air Commodore P. L. Donkin.



ABOVE: Radio Hongkong's Ray Cordeiro (right) presenting a souvenir to Colony Jazz pianist Eddie Costa during a farewell jazz session for Mr Costa held at the Paramount Restaurant last week.



OMEGA

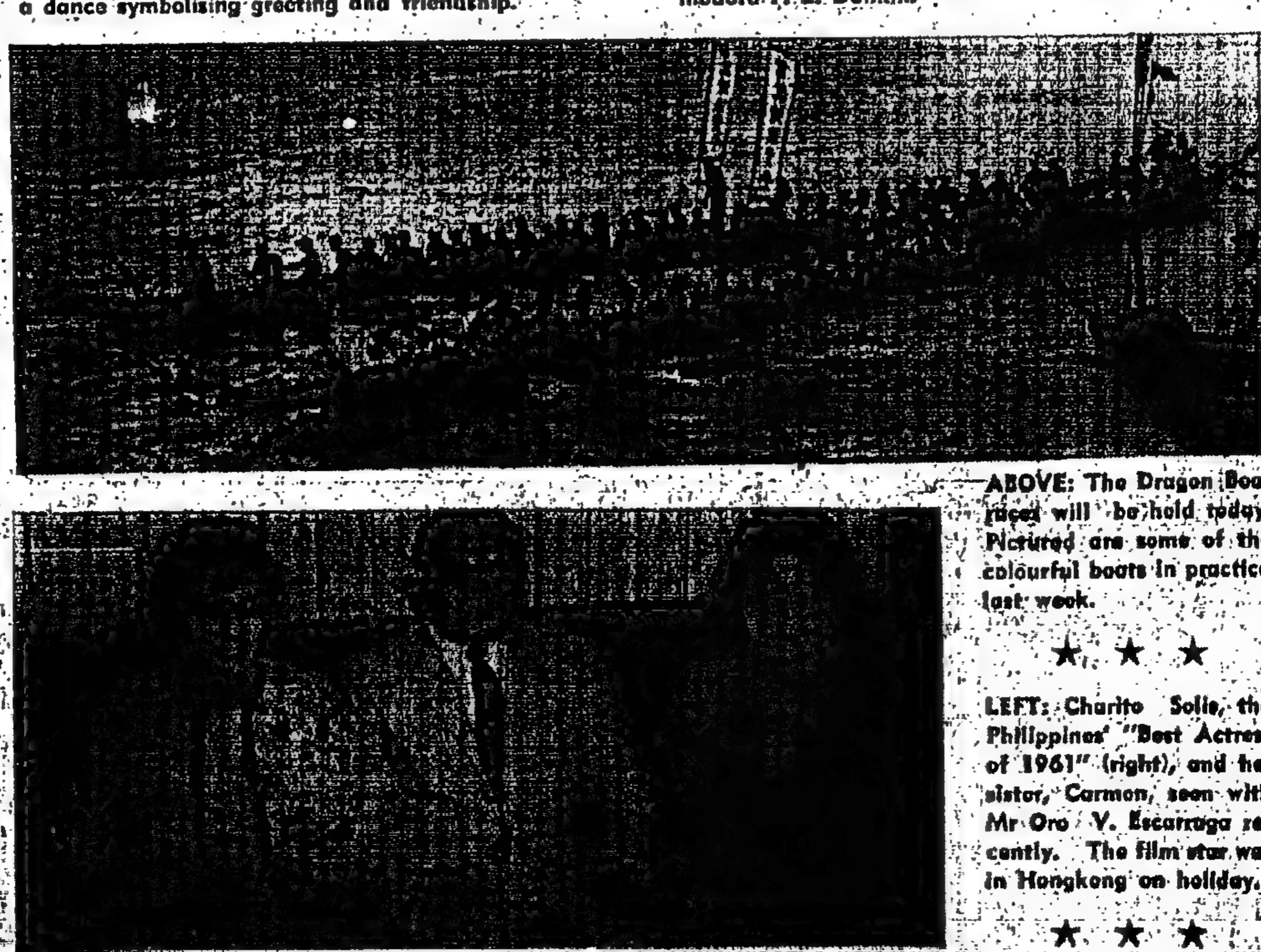
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Tele. Agents: CHINTS LTD. on Avenue House, Hong Kong. Tel. 52100.



ABOVE: The Dragon Boat races will be held today. Pictured are some of the colourful boats in practice last week.

★ ★

LEFT: Charito Solis, the Philippines' "Best Actress of 1961" (right), and her sister, Carmen, seen with Mr Oros V. Escarraga recently. The film star was in Hongkong on holiday.

★ ★

You must see...

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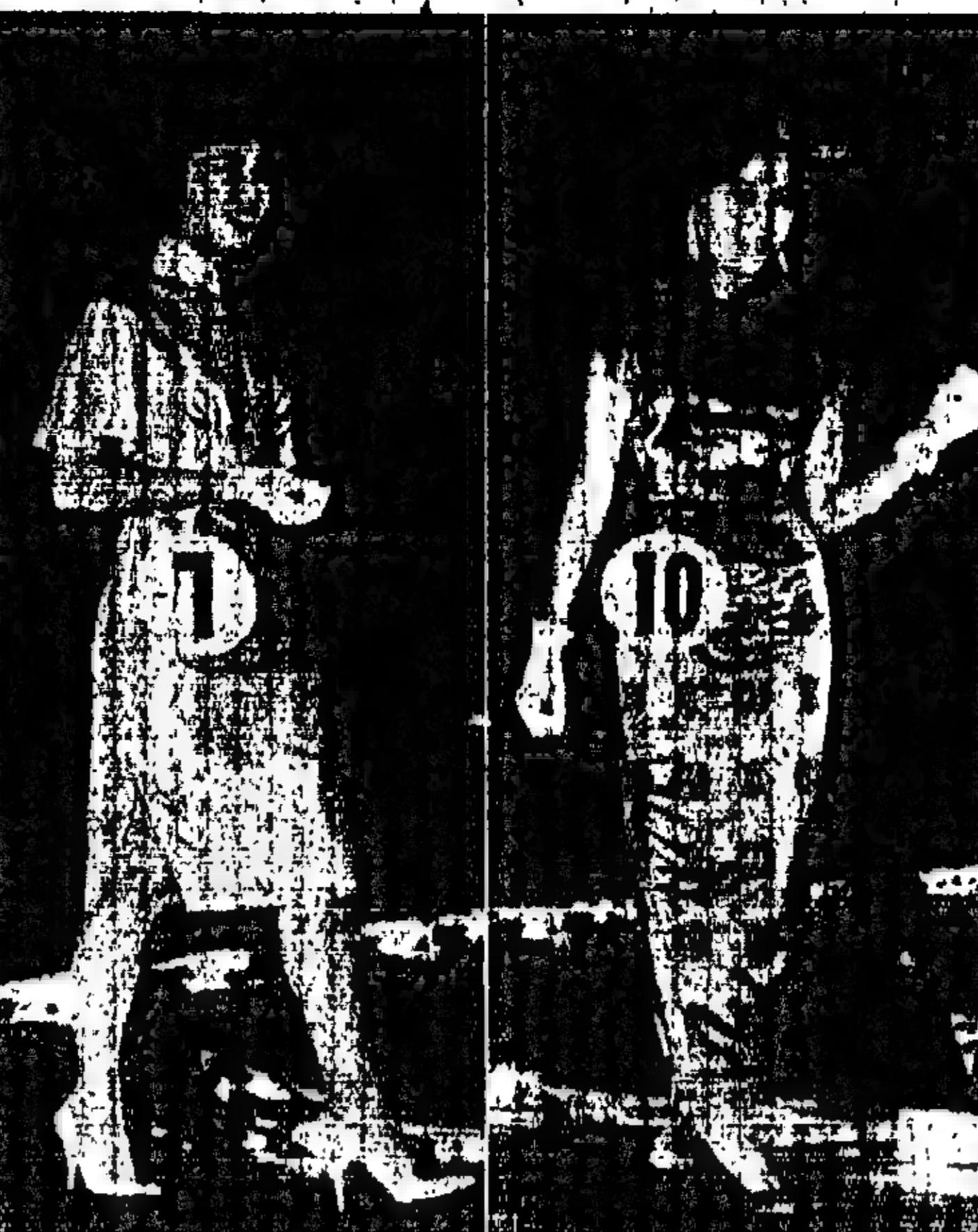


JUDY CHANG

JANET CHEN



BETTY CHAO



HELEN FU



DOROTHY FAY



ANGELA HO



MAJIDA RAZACK

ABOVE: Eight of the 12 finalists selected at the preliminary round of the Miss International Beauty of Hongkong, 1961, contest held at the Miramar Convention Hall last Saturday.

★ ★ ★

LEFT: The new Far East headquarters showroom of Bulova International Company was opened this week with a cocktail party at Jardine House. Seen (1-r) are Mr. M. Bourquin, Mr. I. F. Aucott and Mr. Harry B. Henshaw.

★ ★ ★

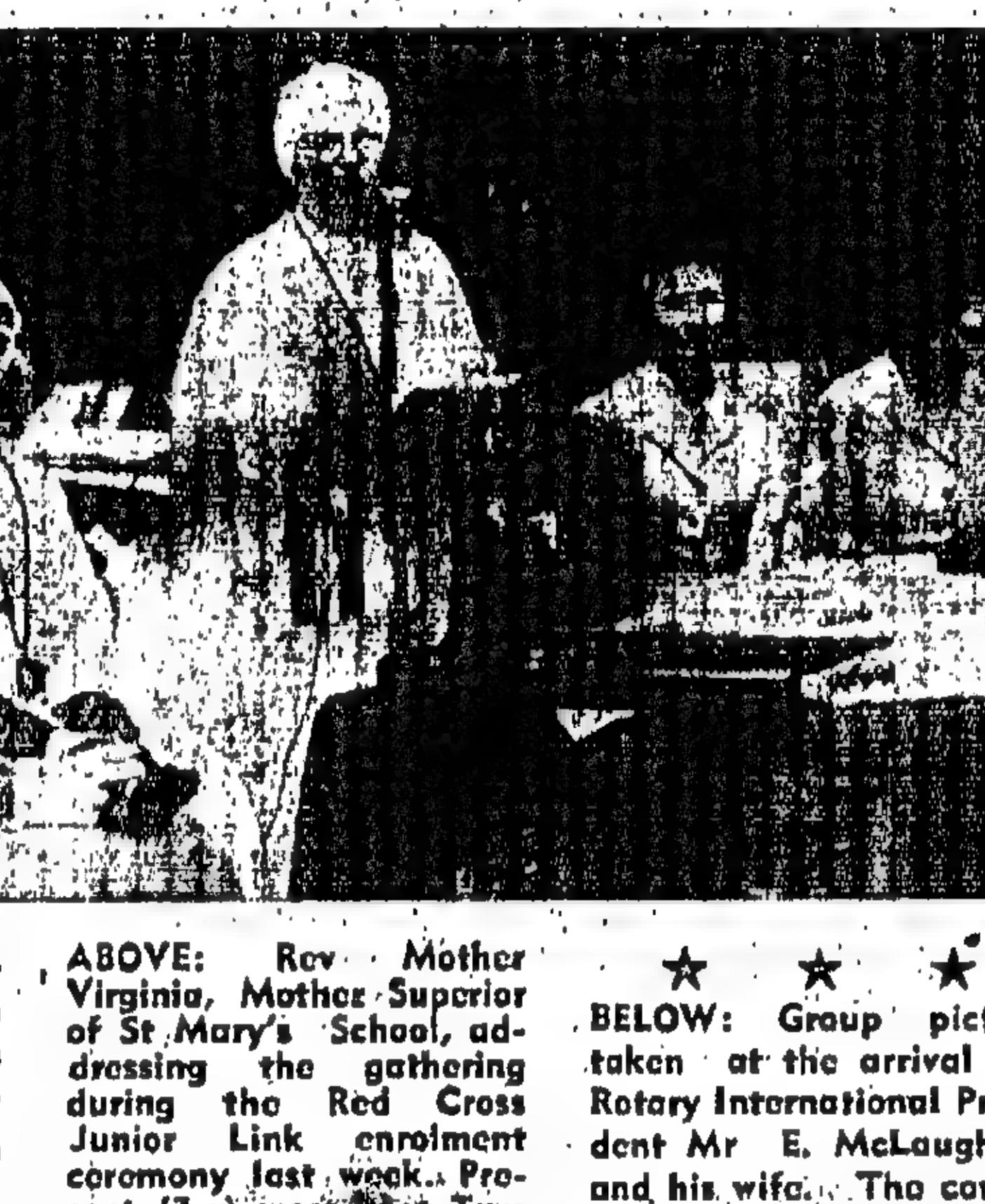
BELOW: Mr. and Mrs. Hanif Brian Dugdow after their wedding at the Kowloon Marriage Registry last week. The bride is the former Miss Ruyika Karim.

★ ★ ★



LEFT: Pretty Dolly Ma, Miss China, pictured with her mother, Mrs. James H. T. Ma, during a dinner given by Messrs Gilman & Co, agents for Girard-Perregaux watches, at the Cafe du Chino.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Rev. Mother Virginia, Mother Superior of St. Mary's School, addressing the gathering during the Red Cross Junior Link enrolment ceremony last week. Present (1-r) were Mrs. Tam Li Chiu-ting, Miss Ella Jorden, Rev. Mother Rosa, Mrs. J. L. Marden, and Miss Tan Kuen-yee.

BELOW: Group picture taken at the arrival of Rotary International President Mr. E. McLaughlin, and his wife. The couple paid a short visit to the Colony after attending the Rotarian convention in Tokyo.



ABOVE: Mr. John D'Eath, President of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, donating a pint of his blood during donations by Jaycees to the British Red Cross Blood Bank. Attending him is Sister B. Low.



SAIGON

Parlez-vous Franglais monsieur?

They certainly can in Saigon. This corner of gay Paris tucked away in the middle of the orient offers everything a tourist could want. Chic stores, typical sidewalk cafes and quaint French architecture. All of which will bring from the tourist a voluntary "Oo la la".

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CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS

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LEFT: The Governor, Sir Robert Black, shaking hands with a boy during his visit to the Silvermine Bay Children's Holiday Camp this week.

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NIGHTCLUB AND RESTAURANT
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AMERICA'S FOREMOST SINGING & DANCING STAR
THE SENSATIONAL
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THE INCOMPARABLE YOLANDA PAROLO
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Cuban Vedette!
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Poised...



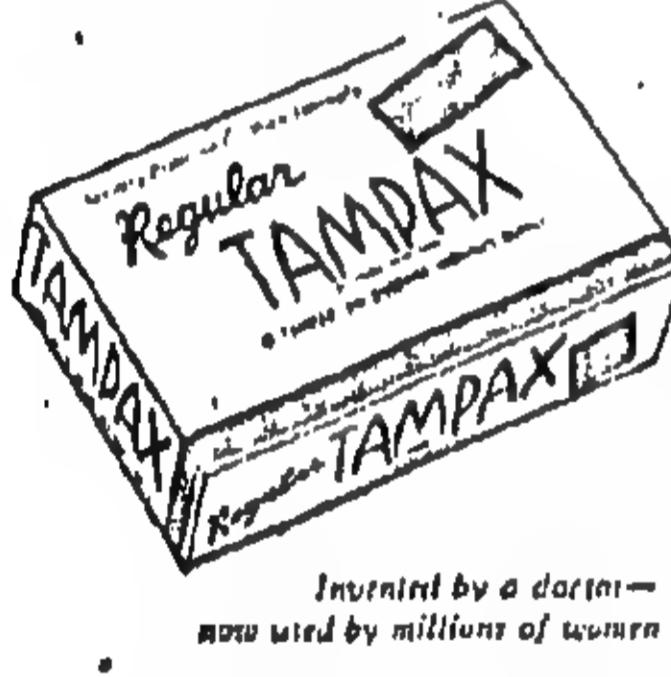
night and day



Some women seem blessed with a look of quiet confidence, a kind of sureness that's reflected in everything they do. It's a gift that never leaves them, even on problem days — for they rely on the comfort, the freedom of Tampax.

Designed for smart moderns, Tampax internal sanitary protection is invisible, unfelt when in place. It protects while it keeps your secret safe. Protects while it keeps you poised and sure. For, with Tampax, there's no chafing, no odour, no lines, no bulk. So dainty to use — fingers never touch it. Disposal takes seconds. Extras conceal in the smallest handbag.

No wonder millions choose Tampax. Why not? Ask for it at any chemist or store. In 2 absorbencies, Regular and Super.



Invented by a doctor — now used by millions of women

If you'd like a trial packet of Tampax (in plain wrapper) send your name and address and 20 cents in loose stamps to Nutra Jackson, P.O. Box 70, Hong Kong.

P. 146

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The June Girl

JILL BUTTERFIELD

Pictures by John French; drawings by Sheila Ward

London.

JUNE — by tradition it's flaming — a lovely languorous strawberries and cream sort of month.

Not for nothing does it rhyme with spoon. Not for nothing are its thirty days glittery with dates, and its drawn-out evenings star studded.

JUNE — it's the time when fashion and the social calendar make a woman all female. When the girls parade at Ascot, Wimbledon, Glyndebourne. And every girl looks her prettiest from Pitlochry to Penzance.

JUNE — it's the month when you think of evenings in terms of whisper-soft chiffons, shadowy in flower-tapestried gardens. When you think of days spent shady beneath parasol hats, drifting in punts under never-ending canopies of willows.

Now is the time to settle the age-old argument of whom do you dress for. Now is the time when hard sophistication goes out of the open window and the clothes that men love come into their own.

JUNE — if you've a man-trap in mind bait it now.

She'll adore . . .

(AND SO WILL HE)



JUNE SHADE for sun or showers. Candy-striped, coolio-style umbrella-cum-parasol.

JUNE FRESHENER for summer cult. Ico-white margarolito to pin on your shoulder.



JUNE DRESS with a daisy-fresh air. China blue and white checked cotton, edged with a milkmaid frill of broderie anglaise. By Susan Small.

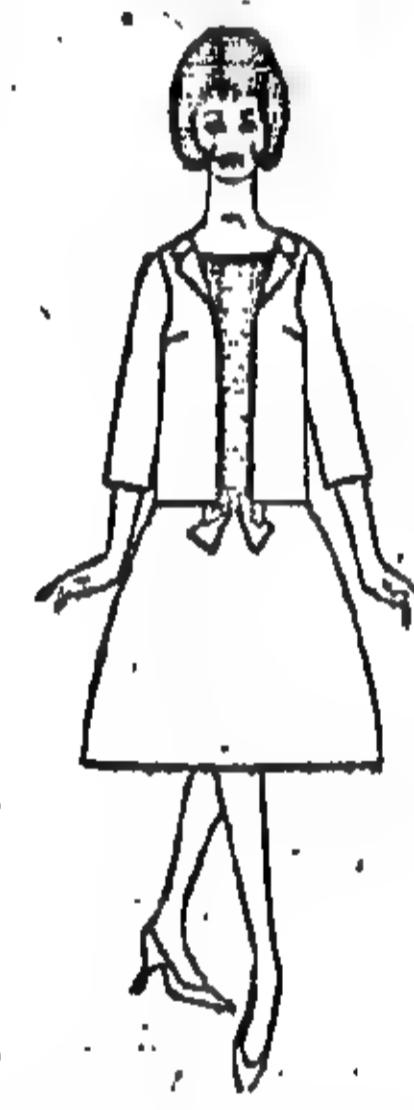
She'll adore (AND SO WILL HE)



JUNE COVER UP for summer showers. Prettiest raincoat ever, of spotted nylon net mounted on waterproof nylon with matching hood, hat.



JUNE HOUSECOAT in blue and white checks; clips over the head, has a loose tie belt.



JUNE DANCES in an organza cardigan jacket over a sleeveless apricot organza dress — its long bodice covered with gold mesh. By Polly Peck.



The right way to beautiful hair

New formula LOXENE now contains IOLAN — a remarkable new discovery with greater antiseptic and penetration powers that will keep your hair and scalp clean, healthy and free from dandruff.

To keep your family's hair always in perfect condition, use LOXENE regularly.

LOXENE
MEDICATED SHAMPOO

Now contains IOLAN

LOXENE is produced by the same group of companies who make DETTOX — the world-famous antiseptic.



She'll adore . . .
(AND SO WILL HE)

JUNE DRESS with a delicate air. White chiffon, plain fronted, cowl backed, with a flutty skirt and an easy tie belt. By Frank Usher.



JUNE HAT: Printed flowers for a parasol-sized shade, trimmed with white. Designed by Peter Shepherd.



JUNE HAT: Shiny white straw, trimmed with Eva's apples — one red, one black. Designed by Peter Shepherd.

YOU CAN READ MORE ABOUT THE JUNE GIRL IN THE CHINA MAIL ON MONDAY.

BEAUTY HINTS

Use a little rouge to cover up tired circles that may have formed under the eyes. You will find this easier to do if you first blend the rouge with a little foundation cream.

The white of an egg makes a wonderful face pack. It will smooth out the wrinkles and generally tone up the skin.

A tight scalp often causes hair to look lank and dull. Loosen your scalp by massaging firmly with your fingernails. Start at the nape of your neck and work, with a rotary movement of the fingernails, towards the crown. Then place your fingers at the hairline and rotate the scalp as before towards the crown.

LADY & LUCK
YOUR CHINA MAIL HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, JUNE 17

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Gossip about a person you trust should not influence your feelings towards him.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Your enthusiasm about a forthcoming event will inspire others to contribute to its success.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Don't tempt a less prosperous friend into an extravagance you know he cannot afford.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Prove your confidence in your own ideas by not being afraid to put them to the test.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A holiday taken on the spur of the moment may turn out to be one of the best you have had.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Your easy-going ways where money is concerned could be a source of anxiety to the rest of your family.

LEO (July 22-August 21): Don't go to extremes to acquire an expensive article you can quite easily do without.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): You may have some trouble with an associate who can be very perverse at times.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): A misunderstanding about another engagement may force you to miss a party tonight.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): You may find it very difficult to understand an employer's refusal of your simple request.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): A temporary lull in your business affairs will give you a chance for a well-earned break.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): A quiet evening at home with your family would be restful after an active day outdoors.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named **VIVIAN** may have some special significance.

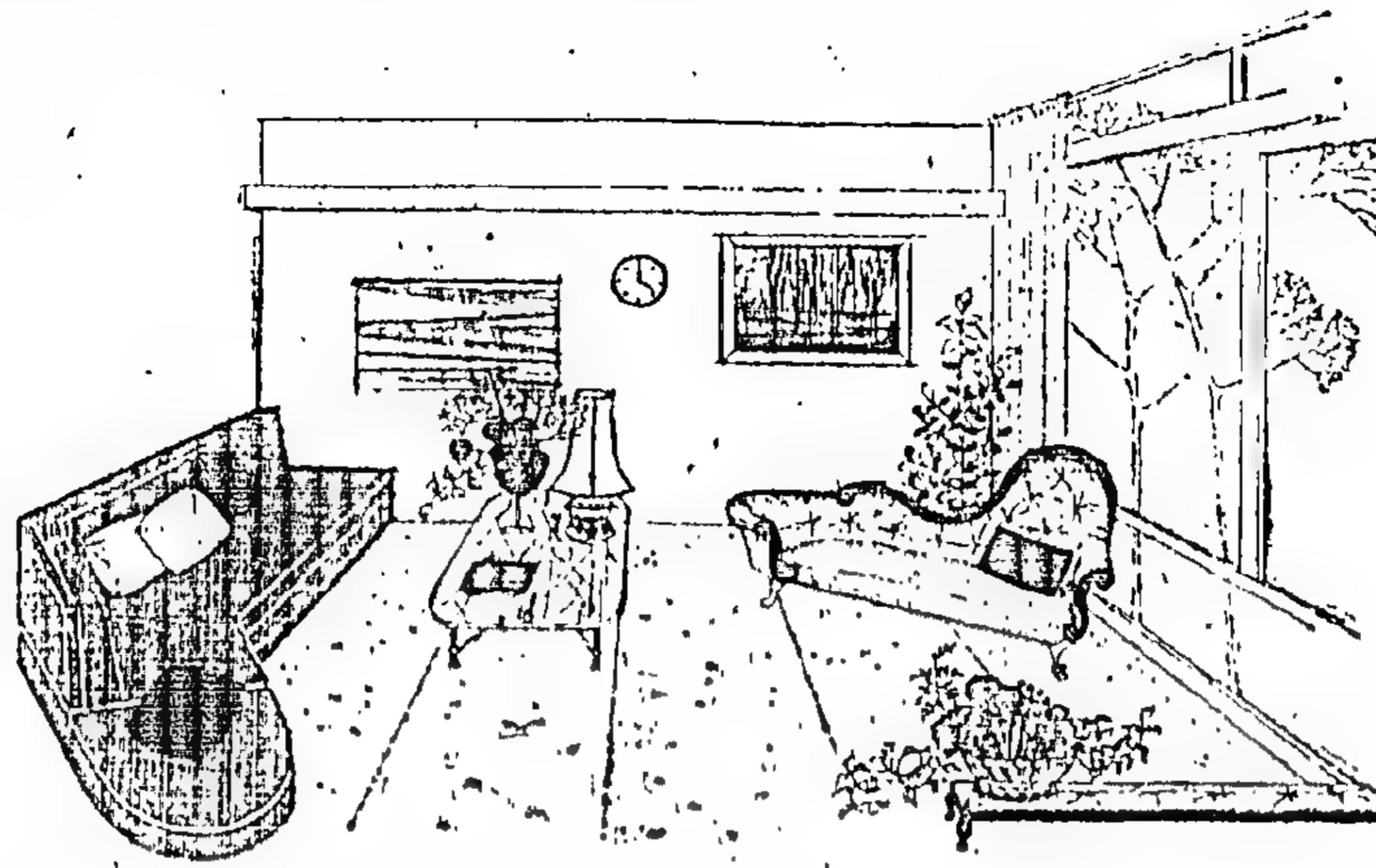
PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

AT HOME: BEHIND THE FRONT DOORS OF PEOPLE WITH A FLAIR FOR INTERIOR DECORATION: TODAY—MR. & MRS. DAVID DEUTSCH



THE WARRIORS...
Mr. and Mrs. Deutsch relax in the room over which they spent such a lot of time arguing.

...THE BATTLEFIELD
The result of their disagreement proves that widely differing styles can mix harmoniously.



furniture, and tubular glass and ebony light fittings. "The last memory of my bachelor days," said Mr. Deutsch.

Landscapes by an up and coming young painter called Michael Tait.

household. He likes the earth colours, she the sky.

Hankering

THE living area is where Mrs. Deutsch has managed to infiltrate some of her hankering after the opulent, with a Victorian chaise-longue and two chairs.

"They were covered in toffee and British Railways upholster, when we bought them," said Mr. Deutsch.

They are now covered in pale amber material with tiny tapestry cushions.

"With a thatched roof," added a grim, feminine voice in the background.

"Oh, it would be a long, sleek glass and steel building," said Mr. Deutsch, confidently.

"Wash and clean the head under running cold water. Rinse and brush out the pot. Tie the head in a piece of

—(London Express Service).

Making the most of the slim look

BY BARBARA ANNE TAYLOR

MR DAVID DEUTSCH is production executive of Anglo Amalgamated Films, who contentedly bask in the belly-laugh glory of the Carry On series.

I visited him and his actress—refreshingly happy about the "ex" part—wife Clara in their penthouse apartment eight storeys high above Holland Park, with vast windows—overlooking trees, lawns, and a building site—that enable Mr. Deutsch to indulge in the satisfying occupation of watching other people at work.

Successful

HE and his wife share a wide diversity of interior decorating taste, and apparently furnishing their home has been a bit of a carry-on from the "We've had our most successful flights in furnishing shops," he blissfully announced.

Why be a late-for-dates girl?...



BE PRETTY IN A MINUTE WITH

Helena Rubinstein's Silk Minute Make-up

FIRST ALL-IN-ONE MOISTURISING MAKE-UP

It isn't nice to keep love waiting! So the girl who's always going places is ready in seconds with Silk Minute Make-Up. It glides on... covers imperfections with a veil of silk blended with silken foundation. Like silk, it flatters... like silk it glows... like silk it clings to your skin. Only Silk Minute Make-Up contains special moisture-retaining ingredients. Silk Minute Make-Up

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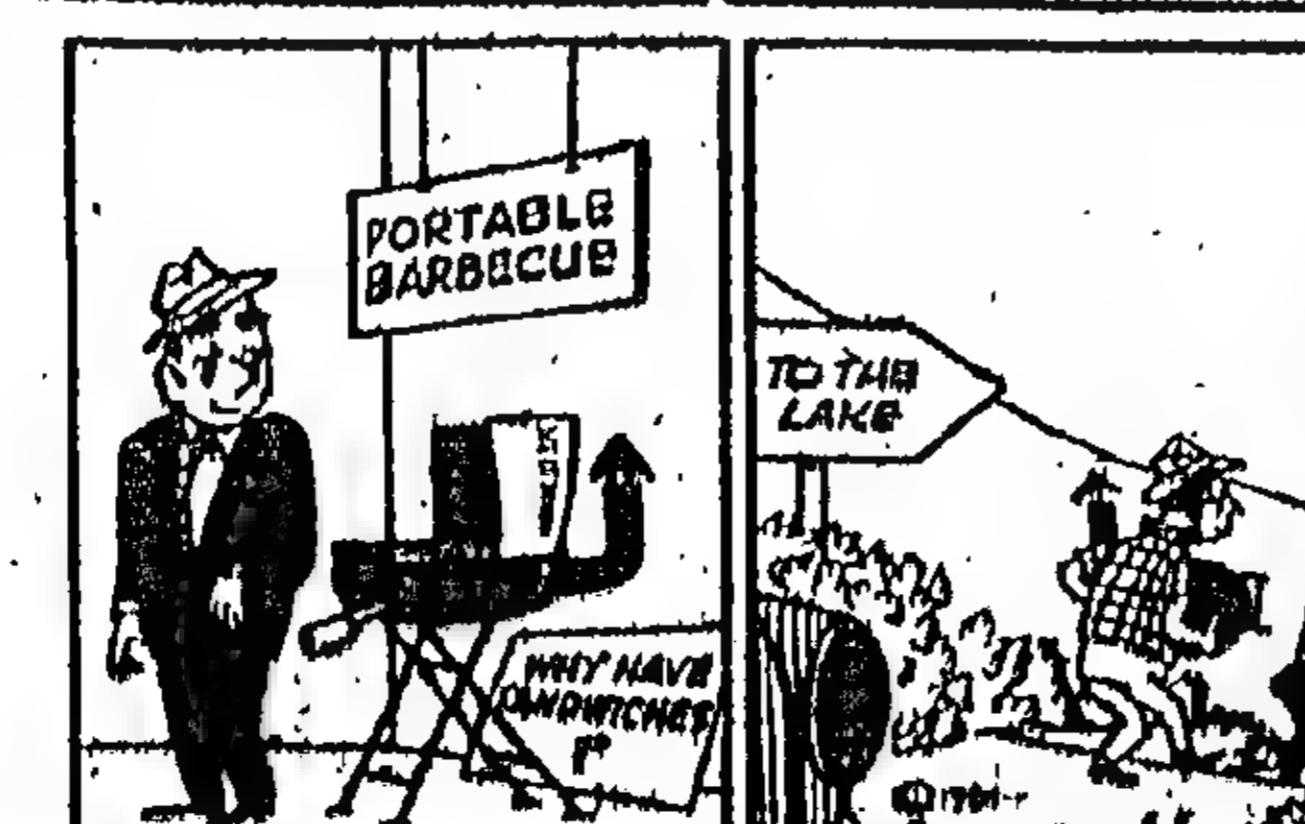
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THE GAMBOLES



By Barry Appleby



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Suitable for all skins.
Easy to apply.
To give your skin a glowing look.

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The Victoria Dispensary

AIR-INDIA



by Helen Burke

Give those left-overs a list...

In spite of the usual cold joint, which may appear more than once at table during the weekend, it is always satisfying to produce special cold dishes to supplement the "left-overs."

Lately there has been a kind of swing towards old-fashioned. Well cover with cold water, potted meats. Perhaps it is the bring to the boil again and high coat of meat in general skin. Reduce the heat, which has brought them to mind?

It is more than likely that the first potted meat one thinks of is a pig's head brown. It is a dish to set before the family. There is little point, however, in preparing it for a family of only two, unless one goes "all old-fashioned" and gives bowls of it to friends.

Some claim that the head should first of all be pickled just long enough to give the hindmost meat a plump tone; others prefer it as it is.

Try to get a small pig's head. If the butcher will lightly pickle it for you, so much the better. Four or five days in the pickle should be enough.

Ask him to cut the head through lengthwise and to remove the brains. Take these home with you to be poached in good stock and served with "black butter" (which is really brown).

Wash and clean the head under running cold water. Remove the ears and cut them off. Dice the meat. Strain the stock off, reserving it. Taste and, if necessary, add salt to the stock. Turn the sliced and diced meat into a large basin. Pour over them enough of the stock to make as much jelly as you wish. When the mixture is cooling, turn it into wetted moulds and cover them with some of the reserved fat, which has not yet begun to set.

Leave for at least 24 hours. This brown will keep for several days in the refrigerator—but not outside it.

—(London Express Service).

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—(London Express Service).

Suburbia? This family loves it

By MAUREEN OWEN

WHEN I met Jill Day Lewis, wife of poet and author C. Day Lewis, for the first time she had been wearing a cocktail dress covered by a mac since early morning, and was waiting for the clock to make her sartorially OK.

A day of appointments in London had given her no opportunity to change before an evening engagement. It was the sort of circumstance I can readily appreciate. As there was about another two and a half hours to go, judged by any civilised standard, we had some tea while we waited.

"The other thing which makes me feel I'm losing my grip," she told me, "is the reverse situation when I arrive home in shopping clothes to a houseful of visitors, clutching a bag of defrosting foods."

I agreed this one was bad. People must simply take you or leave you as regards clothes, but a complete meat out of packets is an open admission of housewife failure.

Besides helping her husband with the planning and execution of their poetry readings Mrs. Day Lewis, the mother of two children aged four and seven, and, as Jill Balcon, makes occasional appearances in television plays.

Mansion

HER husband, former Professor of Poetry at Oxford, writes detective novels under the name of Nicholas Blake as well as his more academic plays.

Schools

BOTH the Day Lewises are against boarding schools for their children, though not aggressively. He went to Sherborne; she, daughter of Sir Michael Balcon, went to Rocc

"Everything about it is perfect for today. The academics, the sense of values and the enlightenment that comes from the headmistress are just what I want for my daughter."

"My son Daniel hasn't started school yet. He's down for Westminster, again the sort of school we like, and he may begin at the local State primary."

"I worry slightly about the classes of 40, but even at four I have faith in him and feel that he will be able to find his own way."

"One thing that worries me about children today is the materialistic slant that things are taking. I don't buy the children things, and Tamsin saved up her own money to buy a secondhand bicycle."

"But children today are given so many things. Even when they go to somebody else's birthday party, they are given

"One thing that worries me about children today is the materialistic slant that things are taking. I don't buy the children things, and Tamsin saved up her own money to buy a secondhand bicycle."

"Our children make most of their own amusements, although they are ready to have crowds of friends in at weekends and occasionally we all go on the river boat up to Westminster

"She's looking forward to going to school but I don't think she'll like wearing uniform much. She just can't stand it if she sees another child wearing the same dress, so I have to get my dressmaker to design her clothes. She likes to be different, you see."

—(London Express Service).

"She's looking forward to going to school but I don't think she'll like wearing uniform much. She just can't stand it if she sees another child wearing the same dress, so I have to get my dressmaker to design her clothes. She likes to be different, you see."

—(London Express Service).

"She's looking forward to going to school but I don't think she'll like wearing uniform much. She just can't stand it if she sees another child wearing the same dress, so I have to get my dressmaker to design her clothes. She likes to be different, you see."

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A BUNCH OF FLOWERS SEALED EICHMANN'S FATE

IT was just 6.29 p.m. when he stepped off the bus. Dusk was settling over this lonely stretch of unlit road in the shabby Buenos Aires suburb of San Fernando.

May 11, 1960 had been another tiring day for Richard Klement. It was a long way home from the Mercedes Benz factory in Suarez, across on the other side of the city.

But all three bus journeys were behind him now. When he alighted at the stop by the little clump of trees home lay only 200 yards across the scrubby ground.

Squaring his shoulders, he stepped carefully around an uncompleted sewer-working and paced briskly out towards the dark brick cottage that meant rest and food.

The bus roared off, and he was alone.

He thought so for a moment, anyway. Then he saw the car parked by the roadside, and the young man busy under its bonnet.

Well, there was nothing simpler about a young man mending a car. Or about a second young man seated inside; or a third standing on the verge, enjoying the cool evening air until the car was ready.

SCREAMING

As he approached them, the weary factory worker groped in his pocket for the torch he used to pick his way over the rough ground.

The effect was astonishing.

The man inside the car slid swiftly out to join his friend at the bonnet. And as Richard Klement, factory worker, drew level with the third young man a strong arm from behind was locked tight about his neck.

Then they were all on him and he was kicking, rolling and straining in the ditch.

And screaming. They threw him on to the floor in the back of the car. They held him low as it slid off down the road.

They bound his eyes, then pulled up and led him into a house. They stripped off all his clothes, and found under his left arm a blurred scar where an SS tattoo had been removed.

"Who are you?" they asked him in German. "Ich bin Adolf Eichmann," said Richard Klement.

It seemed so smooth, so easy. But it had taken fifteen years of fantastically detailed, difficult detective work to accomplish.

The deceptively casual-seeming web had been tightening about Adolf Eichmann, mass-murderer of the Jews, for almost as long as he had spent in fearful flight from his past.

Fifteen years...and longer. In Europe, the Nazi terror had barely lifted before there was an American reward of 10,000 dollars out for information leading to Adolf Eichmann's arrest.

But the trail was thin. The thin-lipped man who had been at the heart of the Nazi master-plan for "the final solution of the Jewish problem" had been careful always about what documents he signed, and what photographers he allowed near him.

Even as the war ended he had visited his father's home in Austria and torn up every picture of himself.

Where was he? Was he even alive?

But from the start there were avengers whose stubborn persistence was at least a match for Adolf Eichmann's.

CLUES

There was Tsvia Friedman, the Jew whose unrelenting fifteen-year search for his one man grew into a kind of mania that even threatened his marriage; and whose first slim Eichmann dossier grew into a formidable 400-page indictment.

Working at first with a small, penniless organisation in Vienna, Friedman realised that little could be accomplished without a photograph of Eichmann.

They combed old newsreel films; they sought out Eichmann's widow, who had fled mourning and announced in the obituary column her husband's death on active service. They tried Eichmann's former flight-hand man, and a wealthy blonde divorcee with whom the Jewish exterminator once had an affair.

But they found no picture.

Then, in 1947, Eichmann's chauffeur Joseph Weisz was caught by the Austrian police. Friedman questioned him, and was given the name of another of Eichmann's mistresses, living near Linz.

A young Jewish worker in Vienna had joined himself to her company in her local cafe. She invited him home; then, one evening, brought out her photograph album.

From one page smiled out a dapper young man in civilian clothes.

It had taken two years and endless plotting. But here, at last, was a picture of Adolf Eichmann.

In Vienna, then in Israel, the little group toiled on untiringly to bring the guilty Nazi war criminals to trial.

By

PETER BLOXHAM

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He had lost some of his closest relatives in a Nazi gas chamber. He had now contrived to cultivate the acquaintance of several of the German community in Buenos Aires.

First, one of the three was sent to South America for a month to organise a group of six Jewish volunteers helpers.

They dug and dug for facts; and the more they found, the more likely it seemed that Eichmann was their man.

They kept watch on the house, shadowed him on foot, prowled his neighbourhood in a hired car, and noted the times and regularity of his movements.

They found a room nearby where, through two tiny holes in a drawn blind, they could keep a round-the-clock watch through powerful glasses on his house.

The new pattern formed and settled. Each morning at 6.45 the man who called himself Klement walked down his garden path and across to the bus stop, three bus stops later.

He got off at a stop near his factory at 7.20.

The young man returned to Israel to shade his report.

First, the extradition treaty between Argentina and Israel had not yet been ratified.

The only country in which they felt that Eichmann could be tried effectively was their own.

Once they could be certain, they must kidnap him.

So, one by one, by different routes, and under different pretences, the three young men set off for Buenos Aires. And soon the dogged, patient, days of spying, stalking and plotting had begun.

From one of them he had learned that a man named Richard Klement was now married to Eichmann's former wife. He checked and found that Klement worked at the Mercedes-Benz factory; that he lived in the Parido Vicente Lopez suburb; that his three stepsons were named Eichmann.

Was this really Mrs Klement's second husband? Or was it Adolf Eichmann?

Frustrated, they waited for the Klements to settle in and to form a new pattern of daily life to follow. On one point anyway there was agreement: the new home was more isolated.

They kept to the shadows now, for fear that their quarry might have seen them near his old home, and should wonder what they were doing here.

Three young men, all tough and cheerful and under thirty, and they were hidden up.

They were sure now. They celebrated over drinks, then sent off a coded cable to Israel that meant a fifteen-year-old hunt was almost over.

During the weeks that followed, they set about smoothing out the incredible complications of capturing Adolf Eichmann and whisking him safely and silently to Israel.

The new plan was to kidnap him, drugged with dope, and whisk him safely and silently to Israel.

On that day, at 2 p.m., there was a last conference in a Buenos Aires cafe to check the spot-and-time timing of the operation and the emerged plan in case things went wrong.

But nothing did.

And Adolf Eichmann, in the bare room that was his first prison cell, even made and signed a statement.

Days later, drugged with dope, coffee and fast sleep, with a dressing-gown over his clothes, he was driven to the airport in a big black car.

In the plane, sprawled over several seats, he slept through to West Africa; then through to Israel. Whenever his awakenings were, his guard were ready with more drugged coffee.

And the Israeli Parliament had never known anything like the triumphant roar that followed a startling announcement to its crammed benches by Premier Ben-Gurion.

Adolf Eichmann had been found, was already under arrest in Israel, and would be put on trial.

The long arm of the law really meant something, that day in Tel-Aviv.

were chosen. All had worked together before, farming in the south.

They kept watch on the house, shadowed him on foot, prowled his neighbourhood in a hired car, and noted the times and regularity of his movements.

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A BOUQUET

The three Israelis took a room near the factory too. Then they began photographing Klement regularly and often through the fly-holes in the wall, and also at the factory bus-stop, using a camera concealed in a brief-case.

They passed him along, one to another, along the route, by coded telephone messages.

On March 21 they did all this as usual. The difference on this day was that Richard Klement arrived home carrying a bouquet.

They pondered on this, in yet another room they had rented, in a quite different part of the city for their meetings.

They were hitches. They could not, after all, give the plane until the 17. But there were hitches.

Then it hit them. March 21. The day of Adolf Eichmann's wedding.

Why should Richard Klement take home flowers on the 25th anniversary of his wife's marriage to her first husband?

They would go ahead on the 11, and keep their prisoner hidden for a week.

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TIMING

A villa in an obscure district was rented. A hire-car with false number-plates was arranged. A charter plane was booked for May 14 — the earliest available date — for a wealthy invalid, supposed to be, travelling abroad for medical treatment.

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THE BAD TASTE OF DEATH

Some detective
work for you

By ROBERT BAU

THE cleaning woman had found Silas Rydcliffe's body at the rare interval when no one was with him.

As she pointed out to Inspector Philip Quill, somebody usually kept the old man company: either Doc Yates, who gave the old man his daily intravenous feedings; Rex Baxter, the druggist who filled the old man's prescriptions and shared a stamp-collecting hobby with him; or, Sylvester Rydcliffe, the old man's son.

Ordinarily the corpse would have received a death certificate from the district coroner easily, for it was evident that Silas Rydcliffe's days were numbered.

His wasted body showed all the ravages of disease that were associated with his dread illness.

But rules were rules; an autopsy was performed, and then the startling answer came out: Silas Rydcliffe had been poisoned!

Quantities of rat poison were found in his organs, enough to kill any man, especially one in his weakened condition.

Inspector Quill pondered the puzzle as he stared at the three men before him. Why should anyone take the trouble to kill an old, sick man who would soon die anyhow? Money? Of course. Silas Rydcliffe had enough money. But if only the killer had waited a little longer . . . He shrugged. People were apt to do the silliest things.

"Doc," the inspector addressed Doctor Yates, "you wouldn't have been slipping some rat poison into the old guy on the sly, would you?"

Yates bristled, "I can have your job for slander like that!" he snapped. "I'm a doctor. I cure people. I don't kill them if I can help it!"

Gambler

Sylvester Rydcliffe flinched. "So I bought some rat poison, so what? Does that prove I poisoned my father?"

The Inspector shook his head. "Nobody's accusing you — yet. But we checked up on you, Sylvester. You're a gambler — an unlucky one. You owe your creditors more than a hundred thousand, don't you?"

Sylvester Rydcliffe scowled. "I still didn't poison my father," he insisted obstinately.

Quill stared into space. It sure was a poser! A man was poisoned — a man who could neither eat nor drink anything. How then did the poison get into his system? The needle? How else? Unless . . .

Once more Quill opened the stamp album and peered closely at the neat rows of colored bits of paper. Then he grinned. Of course!

Quill closed the book and handed it to his assistant. "Baxter," he said to the druggist, "you must have wanted that old man out of the way in an awful hurry!"



HOW DID INSPECTOR QUILL DEDUCE THAT BAXTER HAD POISONED RYDCLIFFE?

If you know, write in giving your reasons. A credit card will be awarded to the first correct answer opened.

The 17-21 Club's five rules

- Membership in the 17-21 Club is open to all within that age group.
- Contributions and all activities of the Club will be limited to members only.
- Contributions may consist of anything that is publishable — articles, letters, stories, photographs, drawings, verses. But only the best will be printed.
- All contributions MUST be original.
- Written contributions should not consist of more than 350 words, photographs and drawings will only be accepted in black-and-white.



Credit card to Francis Lew.

Wrestling—the Sumo way

When D. B. Dally was in Japan he decided to find out all he could about Sumo wrestling and the wrestlers themselves. Here is what he learned.

SUMO is the Japanese style of wrestling. Different from boxing or Western-style wrestling, Sumo has no weight limit. A 200-pound lightweight takes on a 300-pound heavyweight, but as Sumo requires agility and skill in a 15-foot ring, a lighter man can topple a heavier opponent.

Foreigners like myself, who vision and radio sets eager to see the Sumo wrestlers for the follow the matches. A normal first time, invariably marvel at tournament lasts 15 days.

They are a great deal heavier, two of the great wrestlers enter the ring, exchange greetings and make a ceremonious bow.

There are many bouts held throughout Japan, and they include six tournaments a year. Out of these six, three are held in Tokyo; and one each in

Osaka, Nagoya and Fukuoka. The clash may be over in a split second, or it may last a

few minutes, depending on the initial impact.

Traditionally, Sumo is very much a part of the Japanese people. During an official tournament which takes place in an open arena, fans all over dress their hair. They all wear

the two higher classes, they tie it up in a top-knot.

What amazed me most when I was once invited to breakfast by a Sumo wrestler named Toyoda was that he devoured 36 eggs and a huge number of milk while sitting cross-legged on the floor. He told me that was his normal breakfast!

Usually the wrestlers enter the profession when still in their mid-teens and work their way right up from the bottom. The budding wrestlers have to serve their superiors in a great many ways, but they all look forward to the day when they will become strong and have lots of fans.

The Sumo family is a huge one consisting of more than 800 members. Besides the grapplers, there are the judges, the country crowd around tele- it long and when they get into helpers, and many more.

NOTES ON NOTES

by CARL MYATT

DISCUSSION In *Percussion*, the latest in the series of new Mercury releases, spotlights the talents of Mike Simpson, composer, arranger and conductor.

Simpson is a veteran of the U.S. music industry, having worked with such name musicians as Gene Krupa, Jimmy McPartland, Jack Teagarden and Ralph Marterie.

He has had nearly 30 years in the business and his reward for a lifetime of hard work is a quiet life in suburban Chicago with his family — and more offers of jobs than he can handle.

When the task of making this LP was offered to Simpson, he got down to the job in his characteristic, methodical manner.

He hand-picked the musicians and the material, and cut the album in four lengthy sessions, paying meticulous care to each and every time.

Gentle

What emerges then is one of the most carefully produced LPs in months.

The music is easy to listen to — and has both its exciting and gentle moments.

The rhythm section gets a good airing, but the orchestrations are such that one doesn't get a headache trying to concentrate on a pair of bongos switching from one track to the other on the stereo speakers.

Highlights of the LP: "Simpson's own 'Open Discussion (In Percussion)' and the very moving versions of 'What Is There To Say', 'Too Marvellous For Words' and 'Can't We Be Friends'.

On Mercury PPS 2004.

★ ★ ★

Sammy Davis Jnr, one of the truly great modern entertainers, makes his debut

on the Reprise label with an album appropriately titled "The Wham Of Sam".

Reprise, as I explained last week, is a company whose shareholders comprise a very exclusive Hollywood set. Sammy is one of them.

This album is one of the best ever made by this great Negro artist. The backing to my mind, is some of the best the singer has had on record. It is hard driving, yet at times very sensitive accompaniment which never interferes with what the singer is trying to do.

On side one, Sammy is backed by the big orchestra of Monty Stevens and the line-up includes five trombones, four trumpets, five saxes, three violins, four cellos, and a famous all-jazz rhythm section.

Sammy, a swinging singer at the best of times, is propelled along here by this fine orchestra on such tunes as "Back In Your Own Backyard", "I'm Gonna Live Till I Die", and "Love Is The Tender Trap".

Swinging

On side two Sammy receives the support of a group of the West Coast's most famous jazzmen. Marty Paich, who heads this group, did all the arrangements. You'll hear, among other famous names, Stu Williamson and Al Porcino on trumpets, William Hood, Bud Shank, Bill Perkins and Jack

Sheldon on Saxes and Joe Mondragon on bass.

Here then is Sammy Davis Jnr in a memorable album, interpreting songs old and new in a sensitive, intelligent fashion, moving the listener from mood to mood with effortless ease.

On Reprise R 2003.

★ ★ ★

Big sounds

Here are Mercury records jumping on the big-sounds-in-Stereo-bandwagon with their "Perfect Presence Sound Series". This just about wraps things up as far as the record companies go. Now everyone has the "ultimate" in new big-sounds.

The musician they have chosen to launch this series is Clebanoff. And the choice is a good one. Clebanoff, with his career steeply embodied in classical music, has obviously refused to turn this album into one strictly for stereo demonstrational purposes.

The orchestra gets a full airing, and the bongos (thank heaven) are relegated to a position of lesser prominence.

The tunes selected by the maestro for this important recording date, include South American numbers such as "Baranquilla" and "My Shawl".

Spanish selections like "Sueno Giovannini". They are fresh and "Flamenco" and "Cha, Cha in many ways unique. As I Flamenco," the Jewish Hora said before, the strings and "Hava Nagila" and old American horns have been given popular folk tunes such as "What Minnence". The rhythm section is "This Thing Called Love" and aids, not retards the other section "Orchids In the Moonlight." Ions of the orchestra—as has been the case with good measure, there happened of late on a number of the "Turkish Harem Dance" of other albums. Then for good measure, there happened of late on a number of the "Turkish Harem Dance" of other albums.

Here then is the Clebanoff. An outstanding feature of this Strings and Percussion album are the arrangements by Wayne Robinson and Caesar

On Mercury. PPS 2012.

★ STAMP NEWS ★

14. 1863-71 ISSUE (2)

THE 12c also fell into disuse after 1865 and no further requisitions for this value were made for some 10 years.

Following presentations by the P.M.G. that, under the poor lighting conditions in the G.P.O., the 30c value was often confused with the 8c, the colour of the 30c was changed from vermilion to mauve in 1871.

Except for a batch of 40 stamps (30 sheets) received in 1870 with 12½ perfs this denomination remained in general circulation for an unbroken period of 33 years without change of colour, watermark or perforation.

The following check list summarises the issue; all were perf.

14 except the 40 variety:	SG 8.	2a. brown	(1864)
	9.	4c. grey	(1863)
	9e.	4c. slate (perf. 12½)	(1870)
	10.	6c. lilac	(1863)
	11.	8a. yellow-buff	(1864)
	12.	12c. pale green-blue	(1864)
	13.	18a. lilac	(1866)
	14.	24a. green	(1864)
	15.	30a. vermilion	(1863)
	16.	30c. mauve	(1871)
	17.	48c. pale rose	(1864)
	18.	96a. olive-bistre	(1864)
	19.	96c. brown-grey	(1865)

Hongkong Hit Parade

by Mitch Meredith

Two weeks ago, an American disc-jockey gave British 'trad' a blasting.

"The standard is terrible" he said. Apparently he claims that the musicians wouldn't read music, the rhythm sections seemed incapable of holding a steady tempo — they either tripped or ran during a number.

This criticism came from Jack Lowe, who went over to Britain to make recordings of 'trad' versions of British musicals.

He's going ahead with his plans, but he now wants a collection of only the "top men".

★ ★ ★

CONNIE FRANCIS has cut a new disc, "Breaking in a Brand New Heart" it is called.

Although the title doesn't give it an air of happiness, the success of this particular disc in the States amply makes up for it. The disc sounds close to Country and Western.

Connie does a set-dance to the accompaniment of Stan Applebaum's Orchestra. The rhythm is carried through on strings and guitars in the main, with a steady beat on drums. Flip-side (called: "Someone Else's Boy") is a lot gayer and enjoys a fresh trotting beat.

★ ★ ★

NOTES BY THE WAY One of the singers in the Jordanoires:

Bing Crosby quoted as saying "my vocal style was influenced by Al Jolson... Bobby Darin and disc jockey Dick Clark have formed a film producing company... Fabian is planning a European visit next month... Johnny Cash is going to film the life story of Jimmie Rodgers... Joe E. Lewis remarked some time ago: 'Because his hands are sore from snapping, Bobby Darin received new fingers from Frank Sinatra'....

★ ★ ★

THE TOP TEN

1. Summer kisses winter tears	Elvis Presley.
2. Travelin' man	Ricky Nelson.
3. Wild in the country	Elvis Presley.
4. Never on Sunday	Marty Gold and Orch.
5. More than I can say	Bobby Vee.
6. Moody River	Pat Boone.
7. Tintarella di Luna	Giancarlo.
8. Baby face	Brian Hyland.
9. Dance on little girl	Paul Anka.
10. Kuroi Sakurambo	Mona Fong.

Hits here and there department

U.S.A.

- (1) Runnin' scared (Ray Orbison)
- (2) Travellin' Man (Rick Nelson)
- (3) Daddy's Home (Shop and the Limelighters)

BRITAIN:

- (1) Surrender (Elvis)
- (2) Runaway (Del Shannon)
- (3) Frightened City (Shadows)



CHARLTON • HESTON

Credit Card to Roy Fay

The light in the forest

MANY moons ago, in the heart of the Prairies, there lived a little Red Indian boy by the name of Little Hawk. He was the pride and joy of his father Big Eagle and his mother White Dove. Together with a few relatives they lived in two big tepees.

Now, this part of the North American grass-land was practically uninhabited apart from Big Eagle's family.

Miles away from them, took him by the hand and led him further away from home of which Little Hawk was unaware. There lived a family of white people with two girls and a boy.

The boy, Tom, was about the same age as Little Hawk, but they never knew that each existed because in a barren part of the big grassland no child was allowed to wander too far away from home.

However, the rule was broken one sunny afternoon when Little Hawk followed his father and uncles to go hunting.

They went to a far place where the game was plenty. Little Hawk, being a newcomer to the field of hunting, soon lost sight of the elders.

He was fascinated by his surroundings as they were quite different from what he saw in his daily life, just a few yards outside his tepee.

Now and then a big rabbit would hop in front of him followed by the little ones. This made him curious and so he decided to find out where the rabbits came from and where they went.

He followed the next rabbit that came along and chased after it until it went into a burrow. Then he could see nothing else.

He forgot completely about home when he saw little animals jumping about. When he could see the animals no more, he looked around him and found himself in a large forest, and suddenly he knew it was night.

He stretched his arms and remembered that was when he usually got into bed.

THE FAIRY

For the first time in twelve years, he knew what it meant to be lost and alone.

He was so sleepy now he could hardly open his eyes. And as he was about to slump down onto the grass he saw a very bright star. He did not know whether he himself was walking towards the star or vice versa. But he soon found that the bright star turned out to be a fairy standing in front of him.

He stood there with awe and staring straight at her. She was beautiful.

The fairy said, "Would you like me to take you home?"

The little boy could do nothing but nod. The fairy

NEW MEMBERS

JUDY JIM, 17, student of 135 Castle Peak-road, Kowloon.

BERNARD THOMAS, 17, student of P.O. Box 4385, North Point.

MEMBERSHIP

Fill this in and send it to the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

Name
Age
Occupation
Address

A FAIRY TALE BY HANIFA DIN

and Red Indians could not get along.

A few minutes later he found himself playing joyfully with the three Johnson children. They became fast friends.

Tom taught Little Hawk the white man's way of living and in turn, Little Hawk would teach them Red Indian talk, smoke signals and everything he knew.

There was a great deal of exchange of knowledge among the four children. They went to school together and played together.

HOME

Little Hawk had completely forgotten about his own home which was too far away to be found. When one day, returning from school, the children noticed smoke far away in the sky.

They stood there for a while trying to make out what it meant. It turned out to be a message reading:

"LITTLE HAWK, COME HOME. WHITE DOVE VERY SICK".

It was then that Little Hawk realised he had been away from home for a very long time. Then they went home, and told their parents about Little Hawk and the smoke signals.

So Mr & Mrs Johnson decided to take him home themselves, though they had no idea where his tepee was.

However, Little Hawk agreed to go with them, telling them that maybe the fairy who brought him to their house would be kind enough to take him back to his mother.

When they reached the same forest, they could not find any good fairy at all. Little Hawk was brave. He kept telling himself that the fairy must come and take him home.

Of course, Tom's parents were old enough not to believe in fairies, but they did not want to disappoint Little Hawk, so they assured him that the fairy would come very soon. But as they were walking into the deeper part of the forest, there appeared in the distance the glow of a lamp.

Little Hawk cried out with joy. So the fairy did not let him down after all; only, this time instead of the fairy coming to take him by the hand and lead him home, the light went further as they came nearer, thus leading them out of the forest.

When the light disappeared altogether they found themselves in the Prairies.

Being a native, Little Hawk recognised his way home and soon reached his tepee where all the members of the family welcomed him with open arms.

White Dove was overjoyed. Mr & Mrs Johnson were talking away with Big Eagle and his brothers.

Unfortunately, they soon had to leave as their children were waiting at home.

Little Hawk, who had grown to be very fond of Tom's parents now did not like the idea of their leaving and begged Big Eagle to make them stay, but in vain.

Finally, White Dove suggested that they move out of the Prairies to stay with the Johnsons where the children could have company. Everybody agreed and an hour later, a caravan of people, two tepees and some animals were moving out of the Prairies into the big forest and out into the open where, in a matter of minutes, Tom and his sisters could be seen waving at them from their house.

At last, when the tepees were set up next to the house, the children who had never lived in a tepee before spent most of their time in one, and they all lived happily ever after.

ANTOINETTE ROZARIO WRITES ON

THAT WHICH LIES AHEAD

WHEN the school gates clang shut upon you for the last time, and you find yourself standing outside, you cannot help but feel a tinge of regret at having so quickly completed your academic life.

The classrooms have often resounded with the words—"How glad I'll be when I'm finished with all this!" And now you are, but you didn't expect the end to creep so slyly up to pounce on you without warning.

The fact remains, however, that you are on the outside looking in. The mind flashes back to your first day of school. How far away and vague this day appeared then to the childish mind.

Year by year, by toil and great effort, you have climbed the steps—eleven in all.

To some, it was easy and they skipped all the way up. To others, it was hard work, so hard that at times they tripped and stumbled.

The key

But now you are all on the landing at the top. And there a gate confronts you. The key to this gate is not of silver or gold, but of hard work—if you have worked hard enough it will open to you.

When it is thrown open you see a path leading to the insignificant a man can be, he

treasure box of fate, in which you will find either failure or success. And it is entirely up to you which one you will select—some will find success, some failure. Most will find a balance between the two.

However it is through different channels that you will reach your goal. Some will be insignificant shadows flitting about this immense world of ours, simple clerks and labourers.

Some will be prominent figures known to all. Others will seek deeper into the field of knowledge but all will fight for success.

It should be known however that few men have found failure or success by sheer chance. Your destiny is in your hands, and it is entirely up to you what you mould out of it.

No matter how useless or

is a part of the human race, and that can be compared to a large intricate machine, functioning 24 hours a day. The whole machine is held together by nuts and bolts, screws and nails—the less insignificant part of the human race, the clerks and labourers.

It contains the engine, composed of batteries, bulbs and wires. These represent the politicians and scientists. The whole machine is held together by the nuts and bolts, and kept functioning by the engine. They cannot carry on without each other. They must co-exist.

Now there is little else to anticipate before, plunging straight into the planning of your future. Some ceremony, a speech or two, toasts to the future, a pat or two on the back, a certificate, and then you come to it. Plain as day, life is unveiled before you.

No more will you do the learning, but the teaching; no more will you be taking advice, but giving it; no more will you be working for your education but making it work for you and for others.

You have now emerged to join the human race.

Is your name
Ivor?



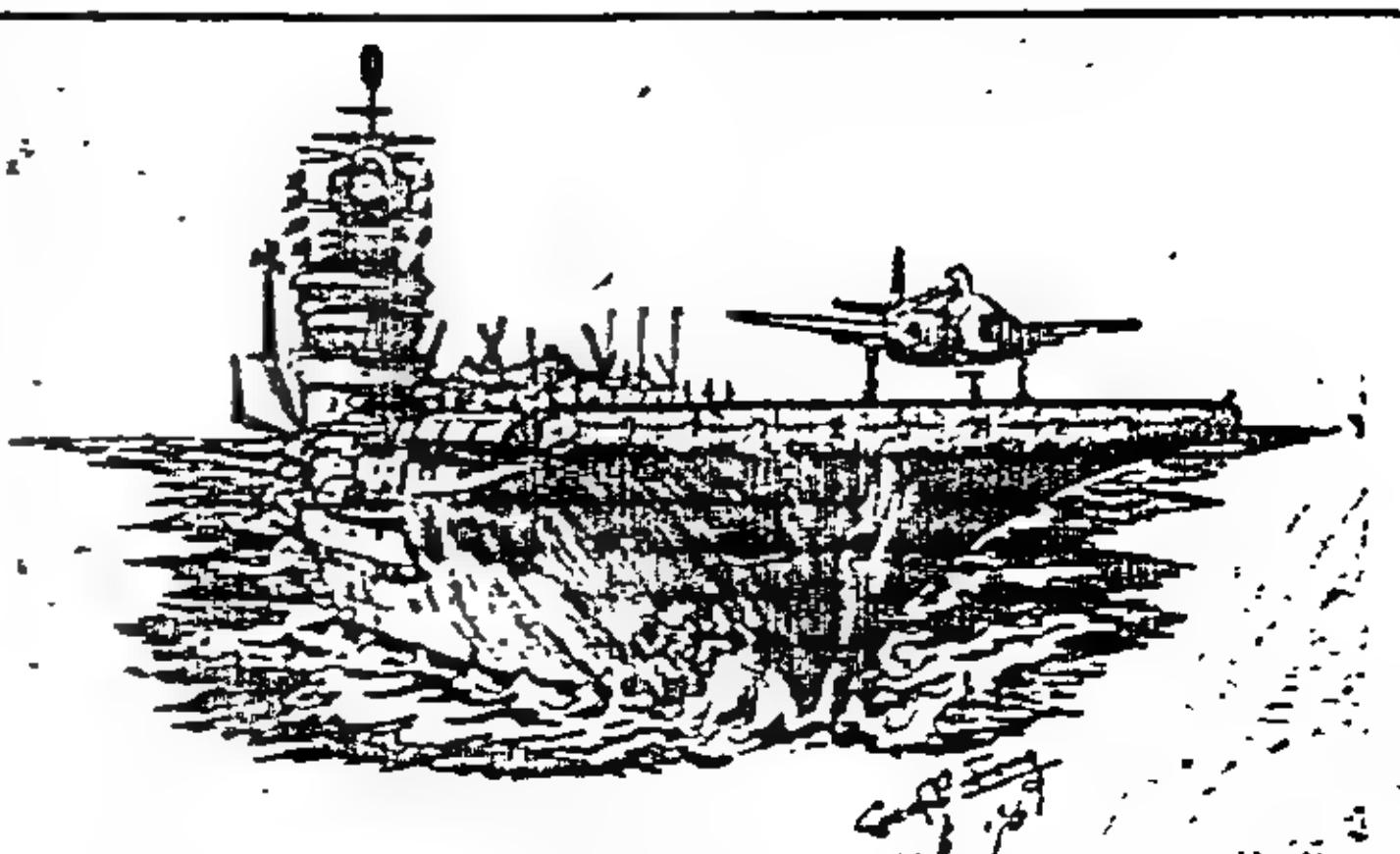
IVOR WAS A LAD WHO HAD A LOT OF PULL. HIS SCANDINAVIAN NAME MEANS 'BOW BEARER OR ARCHER'.

© 1933 THE KEY

ZOO'S WHO by GEORGE SCARBO

THE IBEX GOATS STAY ABOVE THE TIMBER LINE EVEN IN WINTER. DO NOT LOOK FOR SHELTER ON LOWER GROUND...

THE IBEX GOAT IS A LARGE STYLISH ANIMAL, ABOUT THREE AND A HALF FEET TALL, WITH TREMENDOUS DEEPLY RIDGED HORNS. ONCE NUMEROUS IN THE EUROPEAN ALPS.



Credit Card to Geoffrey Fong

STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By MAX TRELL

THE SUN was shining cheerfully. The trees in the park were waving their branches to one another. The dandelions were playing hide-and-seek under the buttercups.

The Butterflies were playing tag across the lawn. The Beetles were playing hide-and-seek under the rocks.

It was—es you might have guessed—a beautiful spring morning.

Shadows in park

Knarf and Hanid, the Shadow Children with the Turned-Around Names, came walking down the path in the park. They looked at the cheerful sun and smiled.

They waved back at the trees. They nodded to the dandelions and the buttercups. They ran along with the Butterflies and each other.

"Now why did it do that?" Hanid sat down on the bench.

Knarf said he didn't know of that looked over the pond.

"It's a wonderful day," said any game where you had to

Hanid to Knarf.

All having fun

"Everybody is doing nothing but having fun," said Knarf to Hanid.

"Nobody's working. Everybody is playing," said Hanid. "Look—here comes a Robin. I wonder what kind of game it's

A Day In The Park

—Shadows Watch Birds Play A Strange Game—

They both watched the Robin. It dashed across the fresh green grass. It cocked its head to one side, then to the other. It looked. It peered. Then it dashed forward again.

"Robin!" Knarf called out. "What game are you playing? Did somebody hide something and you are trying to find it?"

Didn't answer

The Robin didn't answer. Suddenly at the edge of the lawn it found a bit of string. It pounced on it. It flew off with it!

Knarf and Hanid looked at each other.

"Now why did it do that?" Hanid wondered aloud.

Knarf said he didn't know of any game where you had to find a piece of string.

Flew and hopped

"Look," said Hanid again. This time it was a Sparrow. Instead of dashing across the grass the way the Robin did,

the Sparrow half-flew, half-hopped. But, like the Robin, it kept looking, peering, searching.

"Sparrow — hey, Sparrow!" Knarf called over. "What's the name of the game you're playing?"

At that instant the Sparrow swooped down into the grass. It found something. It found a used postage stamp.

Knarf stared. Hanid stared. The Sparrow didn't stare. It uttered a chirp of triumph and flew off with the used postage stamp in its bill.

"Now what do you know about that?" Knarf said to Hanid. "What does a Sparrow want with an old postage stamp? Sparrows don't write letters."

Can't understand

"And what does a Robin want with a piece of string?" Hanid added. "Robins don't tie bundles."

It was all a great mystery.

"Look," said Hanid for the third time. The Robin was back again. So was the Sparrow. And there were also four or five other Birds.

Some were dashing about, some were hopping about. Some were flying and hopping and dashing. Some were hopping and dashing and flying. One was standing and turning. All of them were looking and peering and searching and hunting.

The Robin found a match stick.

The Sparrow found a thread. The other Birds found a bent pin, the end of a torn handker-

chief, the finger of a lost glove, and the Bird that was standing and turning found the corner of an old newspaper.

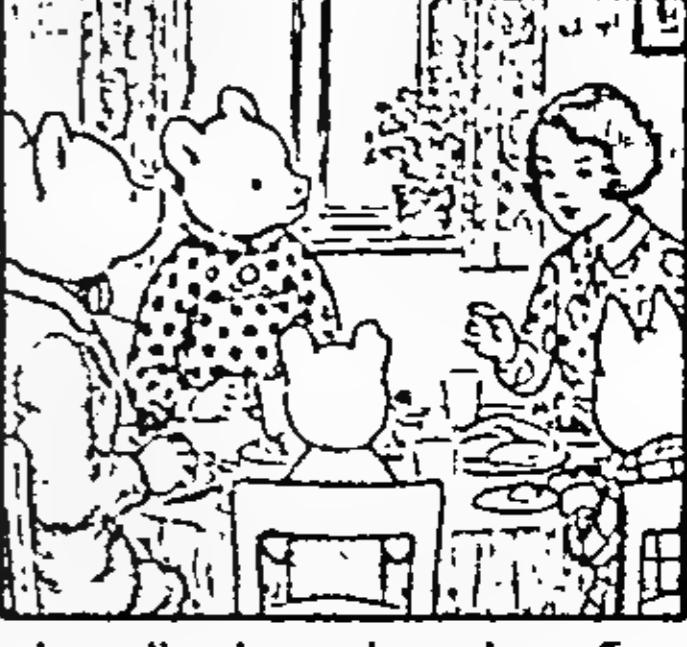
They all flew off with their friends.

"Game?" Mr. Punch said to Knarf and Hanid later when they were home again. "Those Birds weren't playing any game. They were building their nests."

"What do Birds use for nest-building? Why, string and paper and thread and cloth and pins—anything they can find!"

And that's what Knarf and Hanid found out on that beautiful, cheerful spring morning in the park.

Rupert and Gwyneth—43



The two little pals gaze at the pile of witch's clothes. "What'll happen to all these?" asks Rupert. "I'll send the hat back to my Welsh Auntie," says Gwyneth. "and keep the rest because they're so quaint." Then they all go in for a meal and

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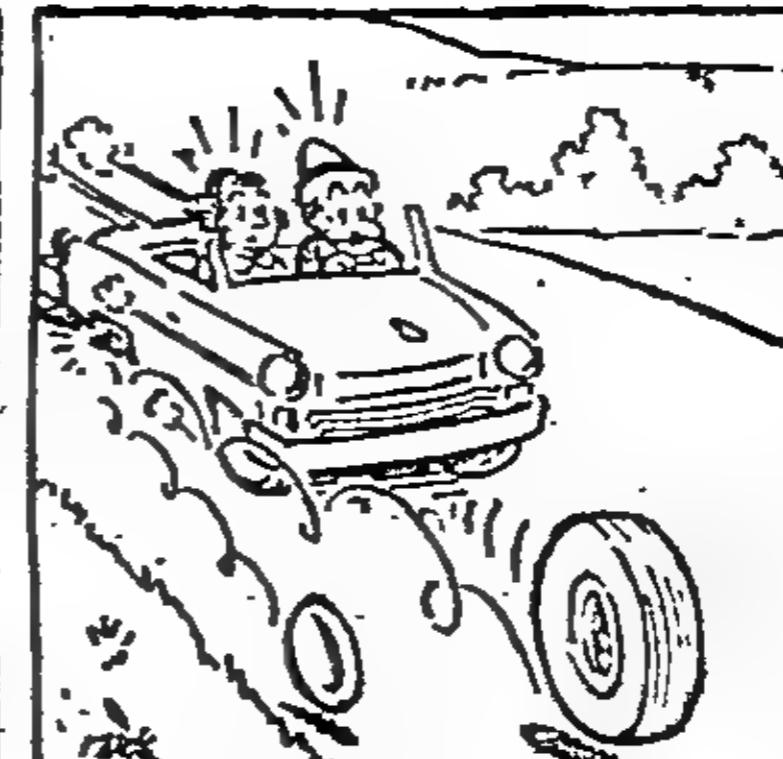
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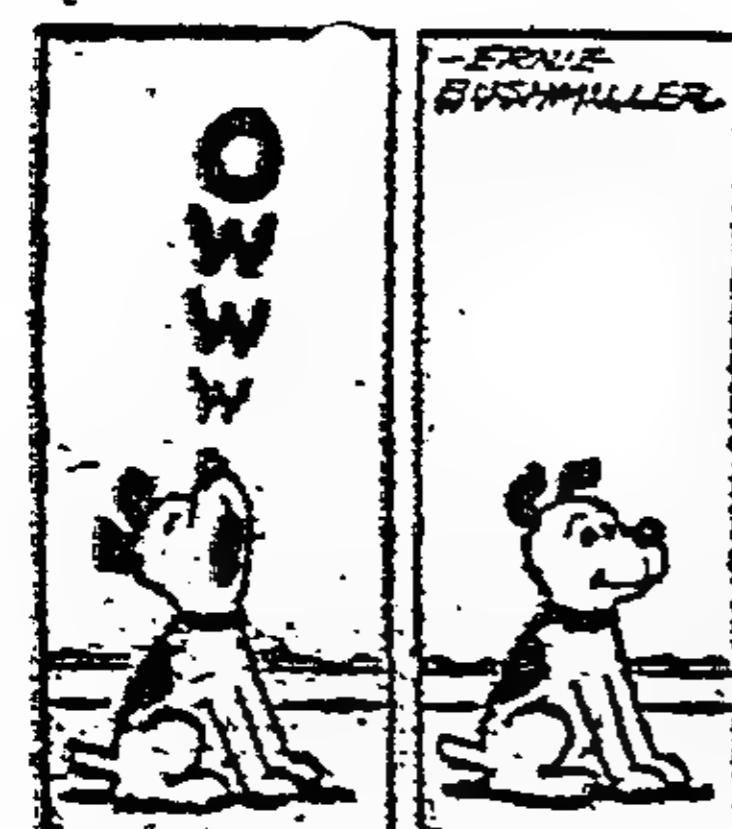
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By Mik



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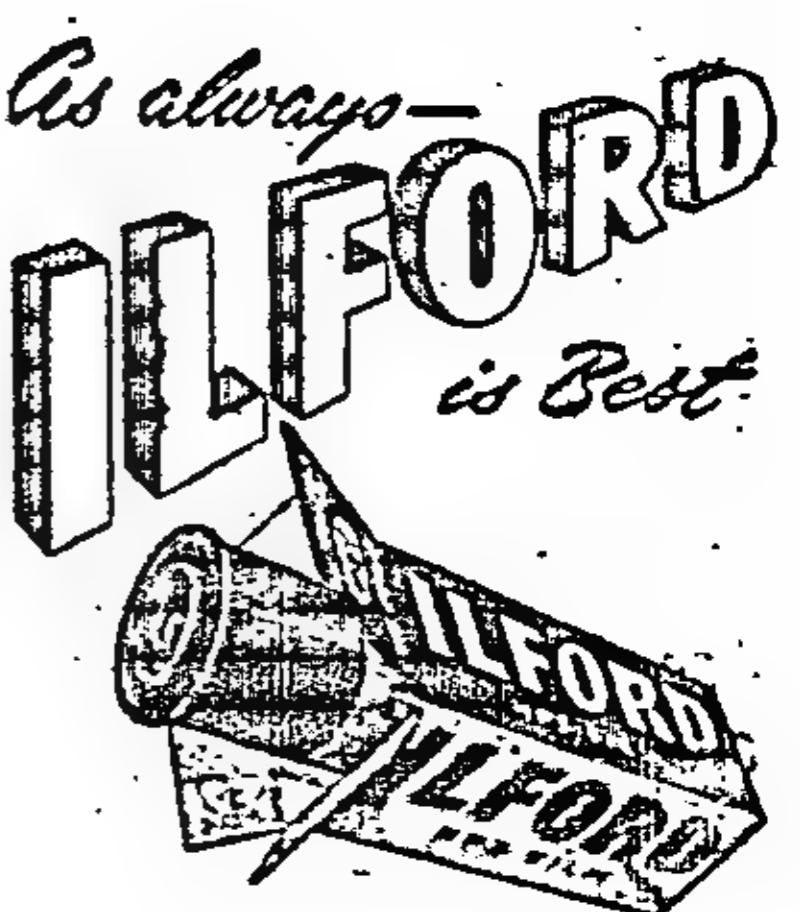
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BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris





Roderick Mann

The tough Mr. Widmark is so conventional

AND HIS FAVOURITE DRINK?—MILK

I KEEP hoping for a change in Mr Richard Widmark. But without success. He remains—as I first discovered some years ago—a thoroughly agreeable fellow.

Mr Widmark, of course, is not anxious for this to get around. He has built up an impressive film reputation (and a substantial bank account) as a chilly-eyed menace; a man with an interesting line in laughs—somewhere between a graveyard giggle and a cretinous chortle.

Good publicity could well ruin him.

★
MISS SWEETNESS
GETS A BREAK

June Thorburn, the 23-year-old baby-faced actress they call "Miss Sweetness itself," has been trying for years to get away from her usual "girl next door" film roles. At last, it seems, she has succeeded. She appears with Richard Widmark in a new comedy, *Don't Bother to Knock!* The film has its gala premiere in London on June 1.

It all started, of course, when he pitched an old lady in a wheelchair down some steps in an early film. Since then it has been widely accepted that he is a menace.

Says his biography: "With his gangster's slouch, his machine-gun diction, and his stiletto grin, the only place he really looks at home is in an electric chair."

A slight exaggeration, I fear. In truth, Mr. Widmark is a quiet, cultivated actor with a pleasant sense of humour. And his favourite drink—dare I say it?—is milk.

Mr. Widmark is also a better actor than one might suppose. Ella Kazan, who once directed him, calls him "vastly underrated." And Trevor Howard, no slouch himself at the acting game, rates him "really splendid."

In demand

Only in one respect does Mr. Widmark qualify as unconventional. He has been married to the same woman for 20 years. It is a source of continued amazement to his friends that he has not long ago been arraigned for un-Hollywood activities.

As Mr. Widmark is in London at the moment I arranged to lunch with him. And found him in remarkably good humour.

"Since I made *The Alamo*," he said, "I am in great demand again. Not because it was a good film; simply because it was a box-office success. That's the only criterion these days."

"Look at the film *St Joan*, in which I played the Dauphin. It was a disaster. When the reviews came out I was scared to leave the house for almost two weeks."

"I had top billing, you see, so I got blamed for the picture. They always blame the actor; never the man who made the film. *That Widmark*, I said, 'can't draw flies into the box-office!'

"I tell you, after *St Joan* came out I wasn't worth five bucks. I couldn't give myself a chance."

Big hit

"The only good things was that it wasn't widely shown in America. But not long ago my 15-year-old daughter Ann said: 'Dad— you're in trouble. They're showing *St Joan* on TV.' And sure enough they ran it about twice a week from then on."

"So when I was offered *The Alamo* I decided to take it. I knew it was bound to be a commercial success."

"John Wayne went to great lengths to ensure its box-office appeal; he even found out who was the top record-seller of the moment—Frankie Avalon—and cast him in the picture for the teenage market. And it came off. The film was big hit."

"Ever since then I've been busy. I made a new Western with James Stewart called *Two Rode Together*, directed by John Ford."

"I don't know what sort of a picture it'll turn out to be. Ford usually gets bored with a picture before the end and takes off. And as he makes a film in such a complicated way that nobody else can put it together, this can create problems."

"Now I've just finished a part with Spencer Tracy in *Judgment at Nuremberg*.

And he blanketed in tacit silence the details of Mr. Pat's second and apparently unhappy marriage to George Cornwall-Weston, which happened a few hours after their wedded life was divorced by his first wife (who happened to be the mother of Sir Winston Churchill).

Now does Mr. Dent do much more than report those contemporary rumours which credited her with taking to her bed Forbes-Robertson and indeed all her lending men, though he dismisses the notion that G.B.B. was ever her lover.

What this new biography does provide is a wealth of fascinating new evidence, culled from a host of witnesses and deftly woven by Mr. Dent into his portrait of Mrs. Pat.

Richard Findlater

actors, you see. People like Holden, Tracy, and Grant get first look at all the good scripts; the stuff sent me has already been turned down by one of them. So the only thing is to fidget around on one's own.

I found one script which I liked. *The Secret Way*, and made it myself in Vienna.

"Now I'm going to make another independent movie over here. *The Tigers Roar*. It's about U.S. atom-bomber bases in Britain.

"It's not difficult to raise the money for a picture like that. There'll be airoplanes in it, you see—something TV doesn't have. So the backers get interested. They don't care that I may also have something interesting to say in the film; all they care about is the fact that we'll have airoplanes."

We got up to go, and I walked with him out to his car.

"Mind you," he said. "I'm not all that good a judge of people."

"Nine years ago I made a film with Marilyn Monroe. She used to dash into the committee room at 20th Century Fox where we were having lunch and we all used to watch that walk of hers."

"And I'm on record as saying: 'That broad will never get anywhere. She's much too obvious.'"

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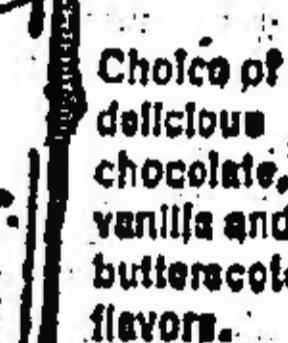
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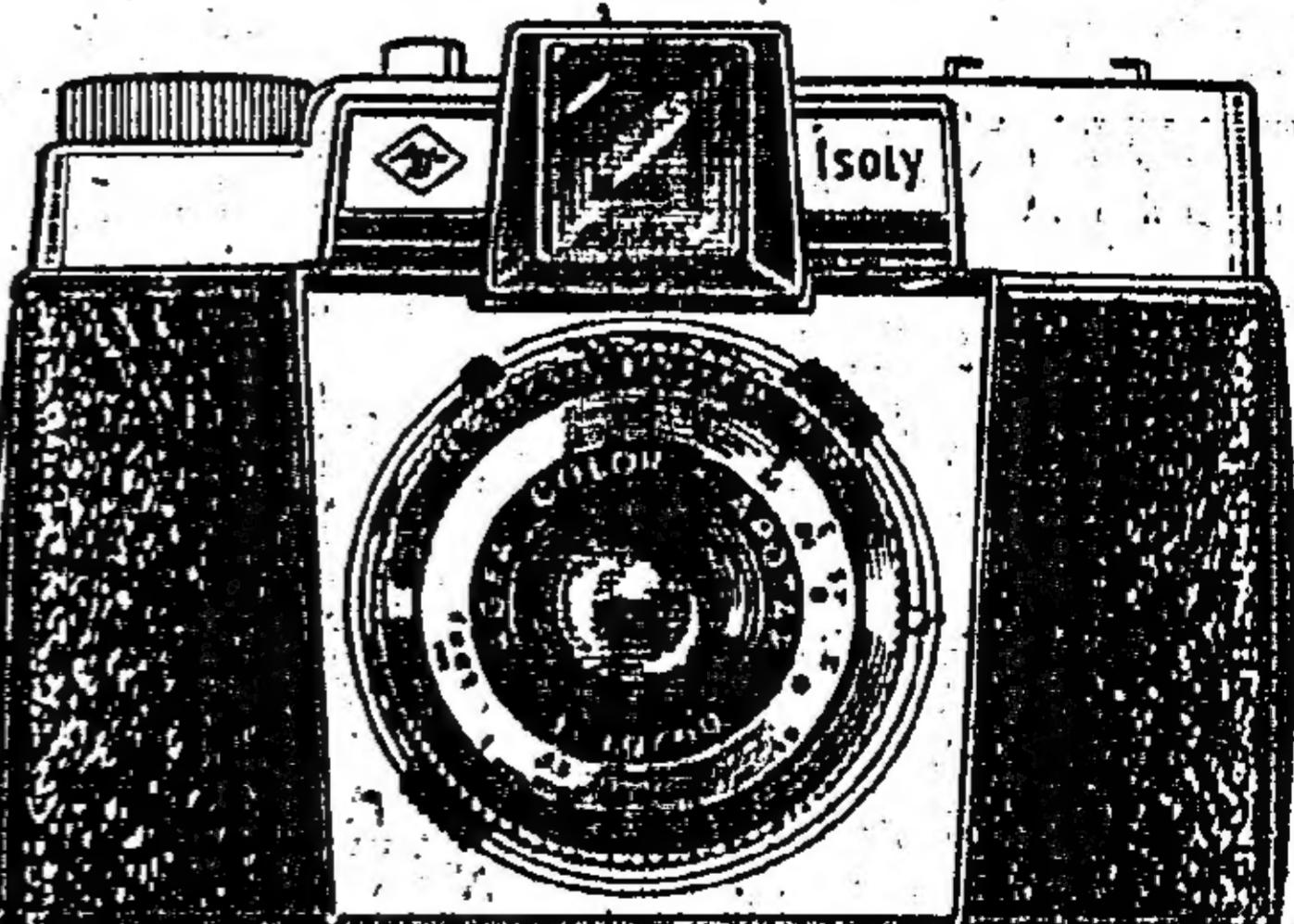
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BOOK PAGE

WHY THIS UNJUST ATTACK ON EDEN?

WILLIAM STRANG BRITAIN IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By Lord Strang. Faber/Deutsch. 30s.

was always an odd man out at the Foreign Office. Long before action was taken to democratise that institution, he was one of the first non-public school, redbrick university men to make his way rapidly on sheer merit.

Eventually he became Permanent Head of the Foreign Office, retiring in 1953, having been kept on beyond the normal retiring age of 60 at the express request of Sir Anthony Eden.

It is therefore all the more remarkable that at the end of this survey of Britain's role in world affairs from Henry VIII to the present day, Lord Strang should make an astonishing and completely unfounded attack upon Eden over the Suez crisis.

PARTY CRISIS

Strang asserts: "It is a legitimate surmise that in deciding to embark on the operation, as later events unfolded, the Prime Minister may in some measure have been swayed by the need to avoid what might have been a serious party crisis."

In other words, the charge is that Eden jeopardised his country to avert a party split.

This is a grotesque distortion of the true situation, as is known to anyone who was able to be in the Chamber of the House of Commons in the key debates in November 1956.

Leaving aside whether the action in Suez was right or wrong the plain fact is that it was supported by the vast majority of Tory MPs.

ASTONISHING

In the key division on the night of November 8, 1956, when the Socialists moved a censure motion, precisely six Tories failed to support Eden.

This aberration on the part of Lord Strang is the more astonishing since elsewhere in the book he shows himself peculiarly alive to Westminster feelings. Writing of the idea of Britain joining the European Free Trade area he says:

"When one thinks how jealous the House of Commons is of its powers, its privileges and its

PORTRAIT OF A LEADING LADY

MRS PATRICK CAMPBELL. By Alan Dent. Museum Press, 30s.

As the first of the Second Mrs Tanqurays and the first Eliza Doolittle (at the age of 49!) Stella Patrick Campbell may claim a small niche in theatrical history.

Yet it is for her life rather than for her art that Mrs Pat is remembered; if at all, today. As an actress her heyday was over, Mrs Dent suggests, by 1901. She never took the theatre really seriously.

Lacking in dedication or stamina, she was an amateur at the core. "This gorgeous blonde creature"—as her new biographer adoringly calls her—would wreck a performance for the sake of a practical joke, or destroy a play's run out of pique or boredom. She wanted her talents, and squandered her chances.

Her voice

Mrs Pat had a voice which could throb like "the first sigh of a double-bass," and she used it to vent a cruelty malediction with without mercy or self-interest. Often she directed it against the people whose help she needed most, "like a sinking

Richard Findlater

A

which is where acting came in.

"My going to the Award with Ann created quite a lot of show."

Nobody knew who she was, and as she's a pretty girl everyone

supposed her to be a girl friend.

Just junk

"While we were making it

Tracy asked me if I'd mind

representing him at the Oscar

awards in Hollywood. I was

going away—my daughter

Ann wanted to see it—and

Tracy had been nominated as

Best Actor. He didn't want to

go himself, but just in case he

wanted someone there to

pick up the award."

Widmark grinned.

"I'm going to the Award with

Ann—created quite a lot of show."

Nobody knew who she was, and as she's a pretty girl everyone

supposed her to be a girl friend.

TAKE-OVER

The BBC tried to live

with its tame genius. It

found it couldn't.

Which is where acting came

in.

AGFA looked down at the

people and saw Milligan's face shining up at them.

"They said 'Well have him.' They could have anyone. They

had the appearance and dimensions of a miniature camera

of a miniature camera

of outstanding brilliance.

Square format makes any decision

as to "upright" or "oblong" photo-

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EAST and West have one of those holdings that delight rubber bridge players, but that cause duplicate players to tear their hair.

They can make all 13 tricks at either clubs, diamonds or no-trump and their non-vulnerable opponents have a nice save in spades against anything except seven no-trump.

The bidding started out the same way at both tables with a no-trump by West; two spades by North; six diamonds by East; and six spades by South. At one table West looked at his two diamonds and put in a prompt double. Every one passed, and North was set five tricks, for a 900 points loss.

At the other table West was made of sterner stuff. He de-

NORTH	3
♦K Q J 10 9 3	
♥ Q J 7	
♦ 8 2	
♦ 9 0	
WEST (D)	EAST
♦ A 8 7	♦ None
♥ A 5 3	♦ 4 2
♦ Q J	♦ A K 10 6 4 3
♦ K Q 10	♦ A J 7 3
SOUTH	
♦ 6 5 4 2	
♥ K 10 9 8	
♦ 9 7	
♦ 5 4 3	

East and West vulnerable (See article for bidding.)

Opening lead - ♠ K

clled that seven diamonds might well make and instead of doubling West passed and left the decision about seven to his partner.

East bid seven diamonds all right and when it got back to North he went to seven spades. East doubted that and picked up 1100 and a net profit of 200 points, or five IMPs for his side.

How could East and West have reached seven no-trump for the maximum? All East would have had to do would be to pass over North's seven spades. In that case West might have tried the no-trump grand slam. I say, might have tried because I rather feel that he would have settled for the sure profit and doubted.

W-CARD Sends

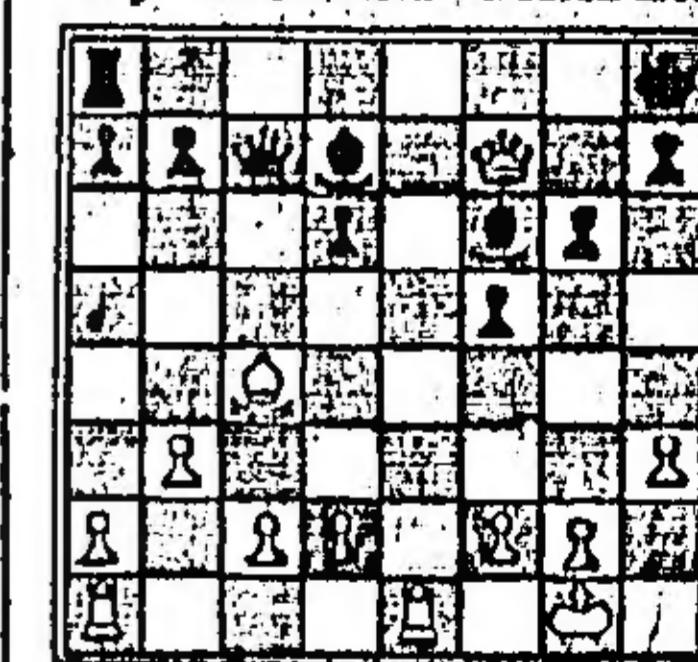
The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♦ Double Redouble 1♦
Pass Pass 2♦ Pass
3♦ Pass 3♦ Pass
4♦ Pass 4♦ Pass
You, South, hold:
♦A 8 7 ♦K J 5 4 ♦Q 4 ♦9 6 3 2
What do you do?
A-Faw. As the song says:
"You've gone about as far as
you can go."

TODAY'S QUESTION
The bidding has been:
North East South West
1♦ Double Redouble 1♦
Pass Pass 2♦ Pass
4♦ Pass 4♦ Pass
You, South, hold:
♦A 8 7 ♦K Q J 4 ♦A 2 ♦J 8 5 2
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEN



Black to move. Can he defend himself by either (a) 1... Q-Q1 or (b) 1... B-K4?

London Express Service.

707th Heaven



FAMILY IN FLIGHT... You're coming with Mummy and me to visit your Granny, Daddy said. In a great big Rolls-Royce 707. So I told my school-friends. I'm going to fly Air-India (stuck-up thing I said one). I shall sit on a seat of purest gossamer, with millions of jewels all around me (you're ugly! said another) and be served with big helpings of jelly on gold plates (piggy! said another). And I shall be escorted on and off the plane like the queen of all the world. And my luggage will be carried by handsome princes (big head! shouted my best friend) I don't care. I shall fly like this.

AIR-INDIA

In association with BOAC and QANTAS

by J. W. M. THOMPSON

IN A BRITISH DIPLOMAT'S OFFICE

Our man in—well, I am asked not to say where, precisely—is giving a formal dinner to members of the local Cabinet recently. The electricity supply failed just as the guests arrived.

This meant that the embassy was in darkness, and the new air-conditioning was out of action. By ill-luck, the prevailing wind veered round at that moment and began to blow, horrifying odours from an open drain through the dining-room windows.

With the temperature already more than 100, the windows were closed tight. Candles were found, and boosted the temperature even higher.

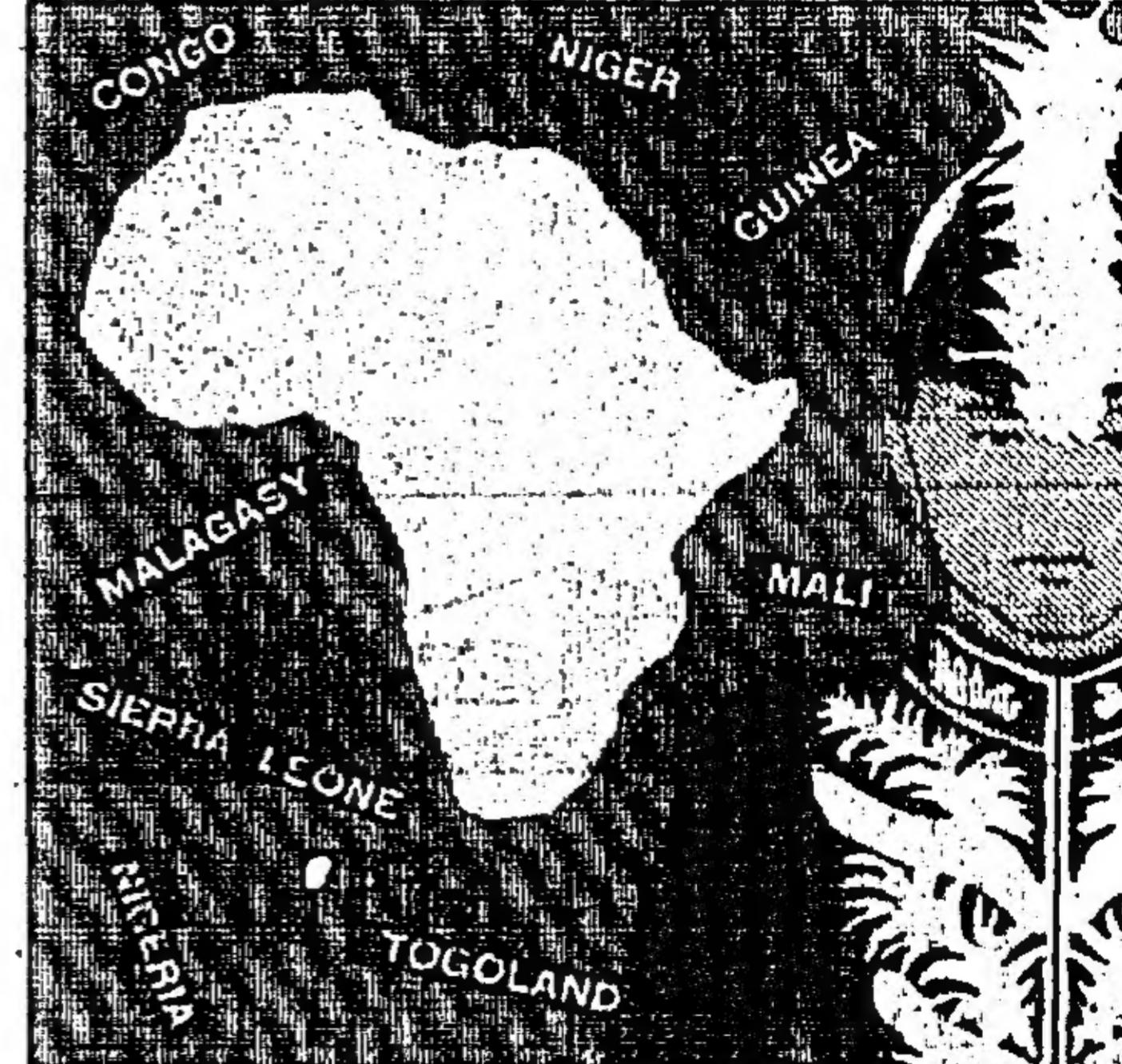
In that inferno, it is a relief to know, the best traditions of diplomacy prevailed. The ambassador improvised etiquette for the occasion, stripping himself to the minimum and pressing his guests to do the same.

There has perhaps never been a diplomatic dinner party conducted in like conditions of semi-darkness and semi-nudity.

But he could hardly arm himself against the ways of the only plumber in one virgin capital in West Africa who mixed up wiring and water pipes so that everyone pulling the plug in the embassy bathroom received an electric shock.

Any social event, it developed, can be treacherous ground in a technologically unsophisticated society.

By all accounts the pioneering diplomats and their staffs (for



even girls typists must be sent out from London) have borne their novel hardships with fortitude.

In Lome, capital of Togoland, the charge d'affaires overcame a localist situation by constructing furniture for the embassy out of whisky crates.

In Conakry, capital of Guinea, the diplomats built a swimming pool for themselves at untold expenditure of tropical sweat.

In another capital, a diplomat spent his evenings in a seedy hotel room, stark naked, imperturbably writing his despatches while cockroaches ran over his guest's inconvenience.

It was taken with calm when it was found that from Yaounde, seat of government of Cameroun, cipher telegrams had to be transcribed four times by expert hands at "booster" stations before reaching London, and so arrived impenetrably garbled. (In any event, the confirmation copy by mail was usually delivered first.)

And now, after all the tribulations, the diplomatic life is gradually assuming something like a normal appearance in these parts.

Our embassy, as Brazzaville, for example, is housed no longer in an old butcher's shop, with the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary sitting in the cashier's glass kiosk.

Elsewhere, houses and offices are being acquired, hotly fought for in a booming seller's market (a three-bedroom, rather rudimentary house at Bamako has just been bought for £15,000).

STILL MORE

Of course, even modern resources bring problems. When the electricity fails at an embassy dinner party, the Ambassador's look of distress may not be merely because of his guests' inconvenience.

He will probably also be thinking of a whole deep-freezeful of food—slowly, inexorably going bad.

And if any diplomat in Paris or Rome is lucky at having missed the chance to show his pioneering hardihood, he should take heart.

There is every chance that another half-dozen brand-new embassies, in brand-new African countries, will have to be created in the next few years.

(London Express Service).

HOW BRITAIN IS TACKLING HER SLUMS

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CONDENMED HOUSES
DEMOLISHED
EACH YEAR

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1950 1955 61,000

Just Fancy That

BY J. W. M. THOMPSON

A 999 call sent a police squad car to a 4 ft. Python found coiled asleep on steps to a basement flat in Seymour-street, Marylebone. Then R.S.P.C.A. inspectors put it in a bag. Said one: "It's only a baby—the cold steps made it sleepy." Police are seeking the owner.

A BIG SEAMAN, PETER CLARKE, of the frigate Leopard, has gone back to sea after suffering two strokes on his return from Aden. Captain Clarke, without a wife, became ill while serving on the frigate. When he got home, he was ill again, and had to be sent to hospital.

FIGURES REFER TO THE HOUSING DRIVE IN ENGLAND AND WALES 1957-61

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

A dressing-room broom, a "vigilant" linesman —and trouble!!

Let's start this week with a good laugh. It will make a pleasant change in these days when it seems all the sporting comics want to play Hamlet or Macbeth and be taken seriously just for once.

This story had its birth in an incident at a famous British football ground but, suitably garnished, it became the after-dinner highlight of a London soccer gathering just over a week ago.

A frustrated dressing-room attendant, made desperately impatient by the teasing cheers and countercheers of the 60,000 crowd could stand it no longer. He suddenly threw down his sweeping-broom, raced along the corridor, up the players' tunnel and out into the daylight just in time to hear the whistle blow for the start of what had been both a hectic and controversial match.

As the leg-weary, muddled footballers trudged into the dressing room one of them accidentally stepped on the head of the broom the attendant had dropped, and the handle shot up hitting him a resounding crack on the knee, body and chin.

The air was suddenly blue. As the injured player danced around in agony he gave unrestricted vent to his feelings. "Of all the blithering, ignorant, useless idiots" he shouted, "he's an utter nitwit, a numbskull, a completely irresponsible and incompetent shyster...such creatures should never be allowed within a mile of any self-respecting football ground."

'It fits'

There's no saying where it might have ended had not one of the linesmen overheard the tirade and dashed off to fetch the referee.

When they returned to the dressing room the linesman pointed out the "offender" with the words, "That's the man, ref. He has just made a personal attack on you worse than any I have ever heard before. It was blood-curdling."

The player stopped dead in shocked surprise but recovered sufficiently to say, "... but... but... that's absolute nonsense, ref... I never mentioned you."

"Don't believe a word of it... I chipped in the vigilant linesman. "I heard it all. He described you perfectly...!"

Some months ago I prepared you for the major development of American style ten-pin bowling alleys in Hongkong. The matter has now progressed to the stage when it is only a matter of time before things really get under way.

One of America's biggest bowling concerns has been pushing ahead with its plans for two super alleys—one on each side of the harbour.

'Nothing but best'

According to the latest reports local negotiations have gone excellently. The promoters plan to construct a 24-alley hall in Kowloon and a 20-alley counterpart on the Island.

These will be of the very latest pattern with automatic pin-setters, restaurants, club-rooms and cocktail bars. Bowling is essentially a social game and I predict the Hongkong public will see a new standard in family entertainment when the Colony's alleys get under way.

The promoters promise "nothing but the best" and from recent conversations it seems certain they will fulfil their promise to a degree not previously seen in our community.

Prices will be very reasonable and all necessary opportunities, right down to bowling shoes, will be available for hire at a modest fee.

FINEST SINCE 1832



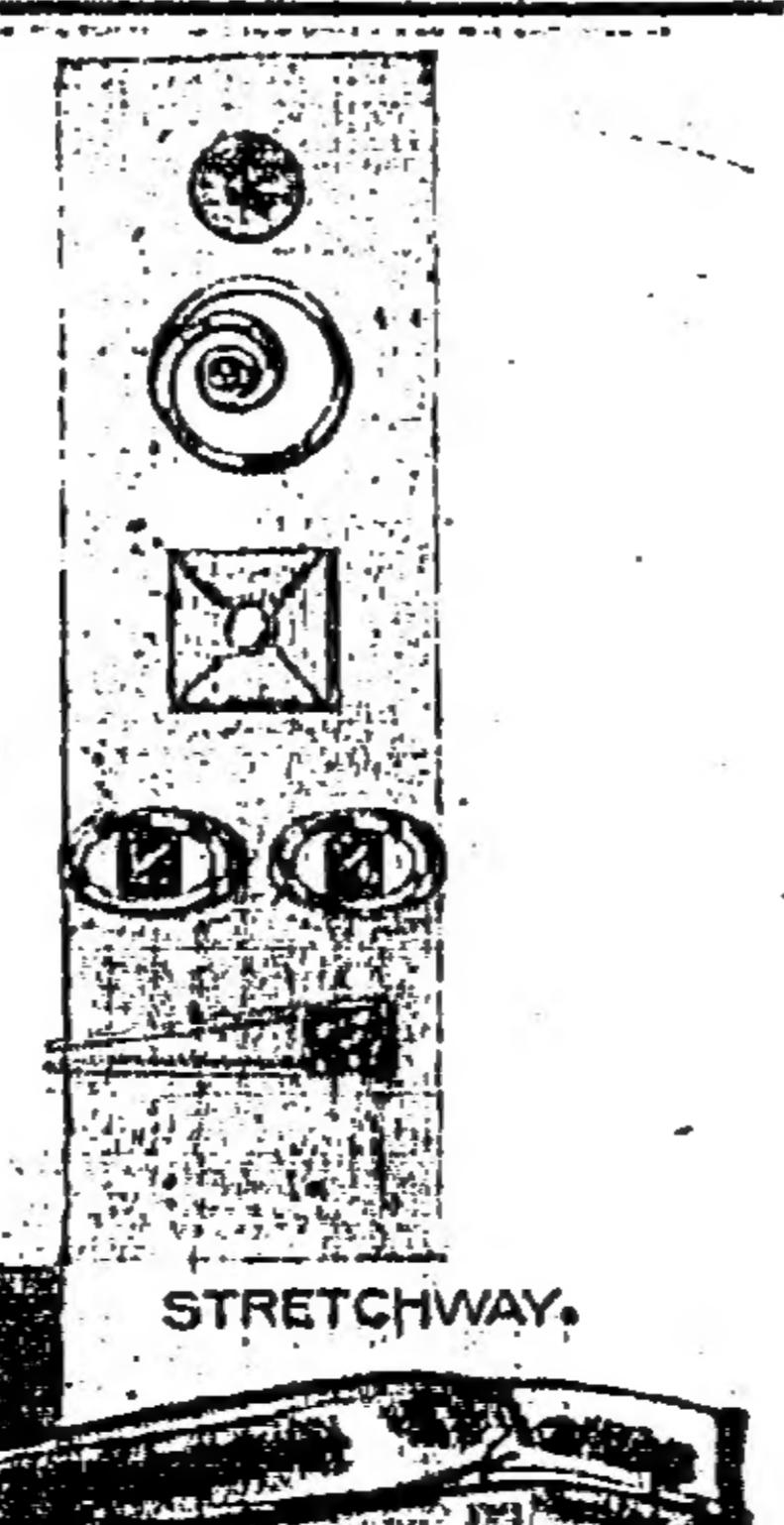
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SAY...
JUST
WHAT
I ALWAYS
WANTED

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the mark of a man



STRETCHWAY.

By I. M. MacTAVISH

two they were on their way. While waiting their turn to drive off at the first tee the visitor turned to the three others in the party and said: "Let's give the game a real kick... Let's make it a friendly fifty bucks a hole...!!"

Rather shattered, but wishing to keep the great man in good humour, the others nodded their reluctant agreement and the game was under way.

The excuse

Sad to say things did not go very well for the visitor and with temper fraying and anger rising, his golf became very erratic. Already irritated because he had lost three holes in succession our dignitary really blew his top when a missed putt of less than two feet cost him another.

He looked up angrily but not a soul had said a word...no body had moved...the green was perfect...and even the wind had subsided completely.

Suddenly, however, he spied a small junk out in the bay. He threw his putter on the ground and complained bitterly... "How the H... can anybody putt with all these damned ships sailing around here?"

More

More than 125,000 votes have now been cast in the Hongkong Ambassadors of Football contest. It is really a staggering total and reflects the Colony's tremendous interest in football generally and in

this ambitious project in particular.

Voting closes on June 30 and it is anticipated the polling booths will be hard pressed to cope with voter turnout now and the shut down at 9 o'clock on the last day.

Nomination soon

The Special Selection Committee will meet very soon afterwards and the nominated Ambassadors, who will make the long trip to the United Kingdom, will almost certainly be known within a week.

The 1961 Hongkong Ambassadors of Football contest, which is incidentally being strongly supported by the vernacular press, is sponsored by Hongkong Bottlers and Sunlight Growers in association with the Wah Kiu Yat Fo, Rediffusion, BOAC, and, of course, the China Mail.

The excuse

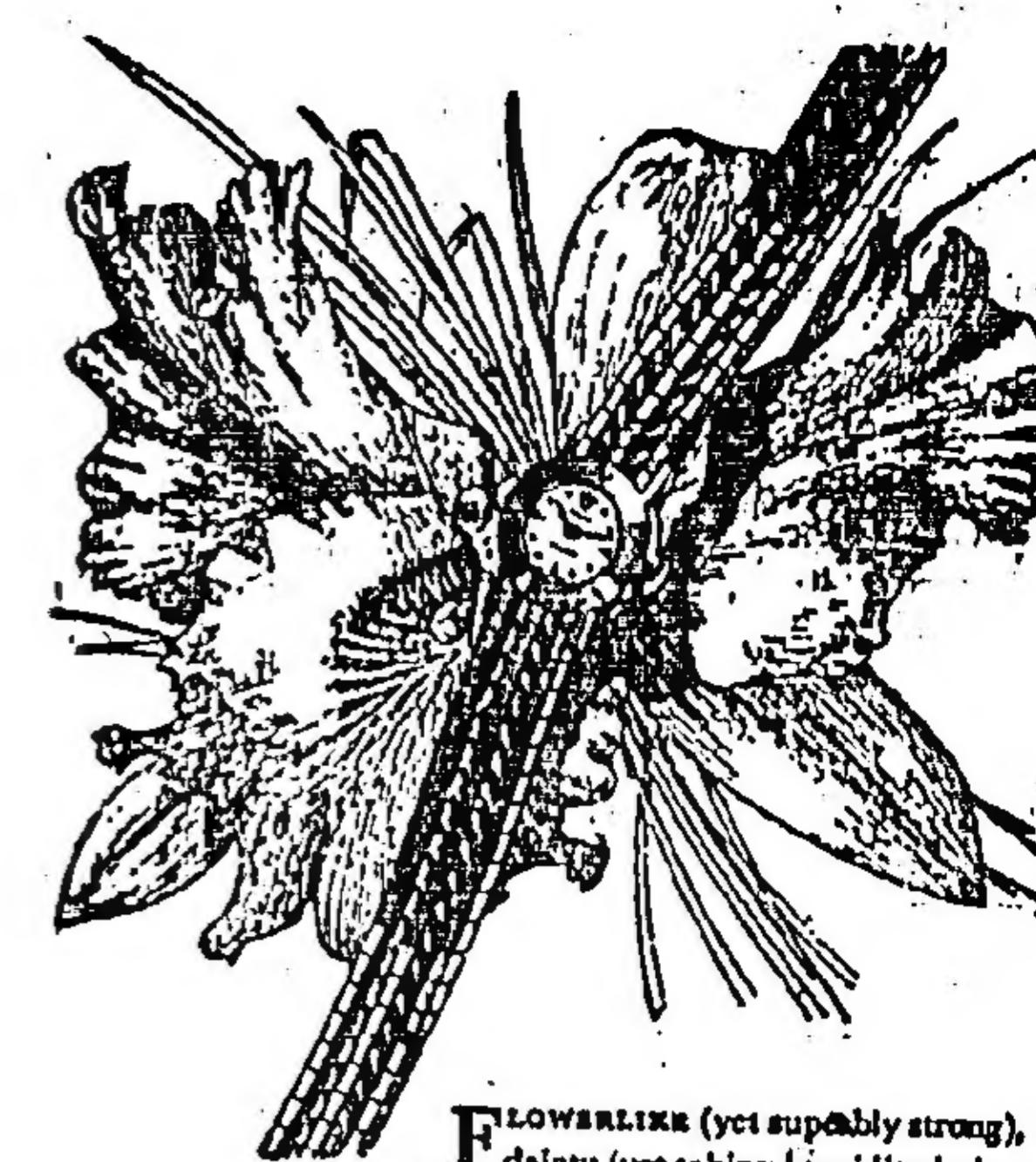
And now we really must have an appropriate tole-warrior or two... after last week's inspired prediction I've been invited to mention KBGC's bowlers regularly in this spot. It seems to do them good although I should also received a rather curt 'skulky' instruction from

Kowloon Docks... Have you seen the popular Television feature 'Man with a Camera'? Apparently some of our Football Councillors have. It is reported three

of them were seen the other evening prowling round the precipitous external perimeter of the Hongkong Stadium on a picture-taking spree. Any guesses? Now for news of substitution with a subtle twist. A vernacular newspaper this week suggested that for all future soccer matches a reserve referee and two reserve linesmen should be nominated and if things are not going according to plan a quick substitution could be made on an individual or collective basis. Crazy as that one may seem I warn you there are probably still bigger and "bottier" things to come.

According to 'coffee shop' gossip (always a reliable source) some of our soccer administrators are about to table a truly fantastic and unconstitutional "curb the referee's power" plan... And finally

a special 'got-well-quick' message to Col. 'Cliff' Saunders. The quiet spoken but astute soldier—present in hospital—is being sadly missed from important HKFA meetings.



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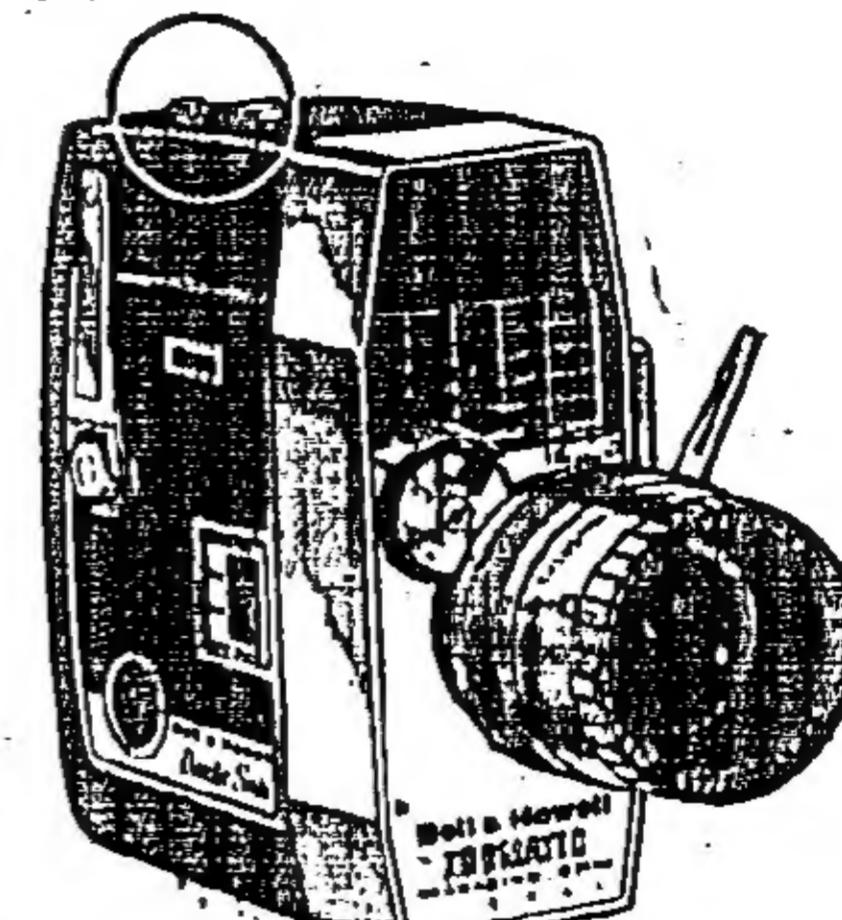
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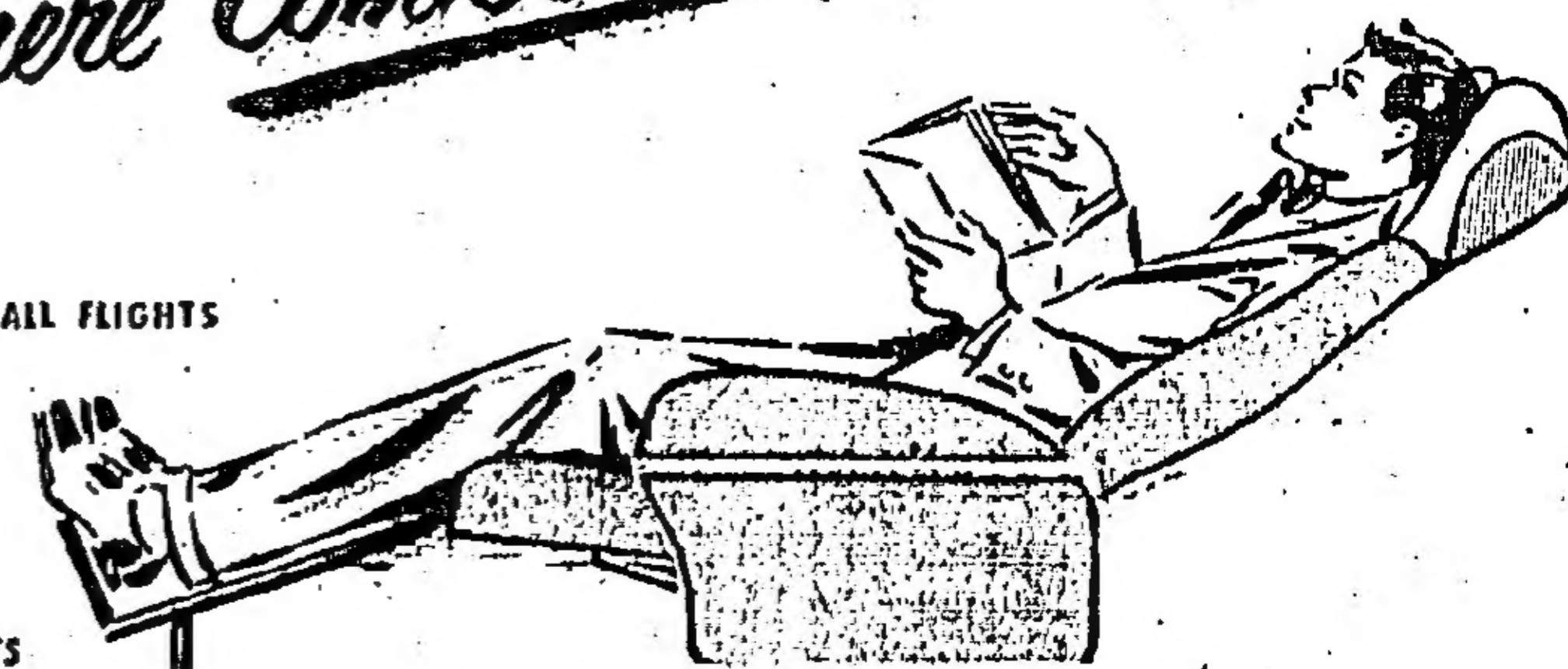
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